

1939

Purple and White: 1939 - 1940

Assumption College

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PATRONIZE
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Purple AND White

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ASSUMPTION COLLEGE

WINDSOR, ONTARIO

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1939

1939 Retreat Great Success

FR. PIUS USES LOVE OF GOD
AS THEME

The 1939 retreat conducted by the Reverend Pius came to a very successful close with the reception of the Papal Blessing on Saturday morning, November 4th. The feeling prevalent among the students that it was a great success was due to the efforts of Father Pius, a master of the art of conducting retreats, to make this one of the best retreats in the history of Assumption. The general opinion on Saturday morning was that he had accomplished his purpose cum laude.

In his opening conference Father Pius stated that the theme of the whole retreat would be the love of God. The question was treated in a practical way, i.e., how to get the love of God. We cannot love what we do not know, nor can we help but love the good once we know it. Father Pius stressed at this point the knowledge of God because once we know we will esteem and desire Him. Of our very nature we desire to know, esteem and love and many times we waste this natural curiosity on creatures instead of directing it to God. Whatever we learn to admire we want to reproduce in our own lives. Instead of reading the adventures and love stories of the men and women of the world read rather the love stories of the Holy Ghost and His dealings with the Saints. From such reading we will obtain a solid love of God which will be proof against all outside allurements.

The conference on death received particular comment from the students. "If we examine death from the natural point of view," said Father Pius, "we find that it is against nature even to think of death." Although death is being accomplished around us every day we rarely think of it, because naturally speaking there are all kinds of possibilities that we shall live for many years and we are strong and healthy. But from the supernatural point of view we cannot give ourselves another minute of life no matter how strong we feel, therefore we should be always ready to die. Then we will not be afraid to act like The Little Flower who rejoiced when a hemorrhage announced death's approach.

On Friday afternoon Father Pius kindly consented to grant a special conference to those seniors contemplating the married state. A representative number attended and many problems were solved. The questions were presented and Father Pius gave the answers.

The students were congratulated by Father Pius for the fine spirit with which the retreat was entered upon and kept throughout the three days. He particularly praised the strict attention of the students at the conference and was edified by the manner in which silence was maintained. He exhorted them to write down their resolutions and to refer to them often. Further the students should thank God for the opportunity of making the retreat, to live and by their example preach Christianity. Pray for the grace, he said, to practice the resolutions adopted, and beware of temptation.

LET US NOT FORGET OUR LOVED ONES. NOVEMBER IS DEDICATED TO THE POOR SOULS.

AMERICAN THANKSGIVING

In conformity with the accepted custom, American Thanksgiving will be observed this year. The holiday will formally begin immediately after lectures Wednesday, Nov. 22, and will terminate Sunday evening, Nov. 26.

On behalf of the student body the Purple and White wishes to extend sympathy to Father McDonald on the death of his brother.

Holy Names Play Hostesses to Assumption

Armed with little billets doux, the beaux brummels of Assumption College wended their way towards St. Mary's School. Attired in the height of sartorial elegance, looking as if they stepped from the pages of Esquire, the local lads were out to take their fair ones by storm.

The occasion was the Annual Dance sponsored by the young ladies of Holy Names College. The place, Campbell Avenue; time, 5:30 to 8:30. (But by the grace of God and the kindness of Sister Electa's heart it was extended to 9:30.) My, 'twas a sight to behold—dashing heroes, fair damsels, soft music (shades of the Jumpin' Jive), dimmed lights and two gracious chaperones to see that we didn't walk off with the Wurlitzer.

During the course of festivities Father MacDonald put in an appearance. Father drew the tickets for the very excellent door prizes, and for his services was awarded a cigar. (Nice going, Father!) Round about this time tables were set up for refreshments. A few of the more seasoned jitter-bugs insisted upon turning the ballroom into a cabaret—dancing in and out of the tables, making it rather precarious for those who were serving. But, as far as we know, no casualties were reported. Suddenly there was a pounding, as it were, of hoof beats, a storming of the door and lo and behold who should enter (uh, uh, wrong again—it wasn't the Light Brigade) but the Casanovas (or is it Casanovae or Caeasa Noveas or—say, who started this anyway?) of the football team. Could it be that they smelled the food all the way from Assumption? (Hey, don't get me wrong. It was darned good food. I still cherish fond memories of it.)

One of the highlights of the evening was the solo given us by the two Student Presidents, Miss Betty Hall and Mr. Ed. Fortier. Such grace, such rhythm, ah me! What have Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire got that they haven't? They dipped and glided across the floor like seasoned troupers. (Hey, have you two been holding out on us by any chance?)

Since there is no such thing on this earth as complete happiness, all good things must come to an end. It was now 9:30 and with no little difficulty the hall was finally cleared. Around 11 o'clock we breezed back to school amid choruses of, "Gee, Father, I know I'm late, but after all, she does live in Walkerville and she couldn't walk home alone."

Blessed Virgin Mary Sodality Reception on December 8

Immemorial custom at Assumption has set aside the Feast of the Immaculate Conception for the annual Sodality Reception. Every prospective Sodalist is asked to keep that evening free from dates and distractions. Father V. J. Donnelly, who has given the short sermon on that occasion for several years now, will be invited to address the Sodality this coming December 8. Without éclat and fanfare, the Sodality has a spiritual function in a Catholic college; and a large number of the serious students realize that December 8 is the day, at 7:30 p.m.

Ramblers Seek Victory In Indiana

The Assumption rambling gridders are to travel to South Bend, Indiana, in quest of victory over South Bend's All-Catholic team on Thanksgiving Day, Nov. 23. The plans so far are to play the game Thursday afternoon and then either proceed to Chicago for their turkey dinner, or to remain in South Bend until Saturday when they will attend the Notre Dame football game. Charlie Knapp, guard of the Purples, expects an easy victory, for he says, "We always beat those all-star teams, it's the pushovers that knock our ears off." Lots of luck, anyway boys, and we hope you bring home the bacon, or was it turkey you were going after.

Oliver St. John Gogarty Lectures Here



AUTHOR DISCUSSES IRISH
RENAISSANCE

The Assumption College Lecture League presented Oliver St. John Gogarty, the fourth speaker in the 1939-40 series, Sunday, November 12th, at the Vanity Theatre. To a record breaking mid-season attendance, Mr. Gregory Crowley, a recent addition to the College staff, introduced Dr. Gogarty as not only a writer and poet but also a man who enjoys such human pastimes as flying, hunting and riding.

Dr. Gogarty chose as his subject, "Dublin—Where Literature Is Made," and considering he had to overcome such obstacles as a rather soft voice for the size of the auditorium, and an apparent unfamiliarity with the disadvantage of speaking across glaring footlights, he commanded the attention of the audience throughout.

Dr. Gogarty gave evidence of that rare wit possessed by most men of his nationality in the stories which he interspersed throughout his talk. He explained the abundant outflow of literature from Dublin as due to the well known gift of "Irish blarney." Such names as Dean Swift, Edmund Burke, and Oliver Goldsmith were mentioned as great lovers of human liberty. This love of liberty is in evidence in Irish literature. Dr. Gogarty said that the majority of the matter in Irish literature comes from tales of the heroic era in Ireland, which the lurid imagination and marvelous memory of the Irish people have kept alive even to the present day. He quoted freely from the Irish poets, especially Yeats, and pointed out how the social conditions of the country reveal themselves in the poetry, and how the Irish poet is constantly in the quest of the eternal, reading philosophy into the most insignificant act of everyday life.

Dr. Gogarty is renowned in the literary world for his exemplary work in his books, only a few of which are, "I Follow St. Patrick," "Wild Apoles," "An Offering of Swans," etc. He is highly regarded by some of the world's most prominent modern literary figures: George Moore, William Butler Yeats, George W. Russell, and Francis Hackett.

Official College Calendar

Monday, November 20th	Friars' Club	3:30 P.M.
Monday, November 20th	Mission Society	7:30 P.M.
Tuesday, November 21st	Student Council	2:00 P.M.
Wednesday, November 22nd	Thanksg'g Holiday begins	3:30 P.M.
Friday, November 24th	Students' Court	2:00 P.M.
Sunday, November 26th	Lecture: G. K. Hunton and Dr. H. Oliver	8:15 P.M.
Monday, November 27th	Friars' Club	3:30 P.M.
Monday, November 27th	Literary Society	8:00 P.M.
Tuesday, November 28th	Student Council	2:00 P.M.
Tuesday, November 28th		(Continued on Page 4)

ASSUMPTION PLANS PREMIERE

Senior Prom Slated for Feb.

WILL BE HELD AT THE PRINCE
EDWARD HOTEL

Due to the change in the make-up of the Friars' Club, dances in the future will assume a more colourful college atmosphere. In keeping with this situation the Friars are launching their first big affair in the ballroom of the Prince Edward Hotel in the latter part of February, and to further this plan one of Windsor's best bands, Hal Mac, has been engaged for this premiere.

In introducing a dance like the Senior Prom they are putting into effect something which is already in vogue in all the leading universities of America—namely four dances a year, each one honoring a particular class.

Already plans for the Prom are well under way. Invitations have been sent to all former students, and various committees have been appointed to look after every incidental that may arise in connection with the event. A large number of well known people from both Detroit and Windsor have promised to lend their patronage for that night. All in all everything points to such a success as has never been equalled in the college life of Assumption.

For this dance, and for all future dances, the Student Council is accepting the responsibility of safeguarding the prestige that Assumption's students already enjoy. Therefore any college man whom they judge is not acting within the principles established by the college or who is liable to stir up public opinion against our institution will be cautioned. If such is of no avail, said person will be reported and expelled.

The Senior Prom will be the supreme test as to whether Assumption can stand the boost to the higher strata of society, and still further, whether Assumption men themselves can uphold such an advancement.

This dance was originally scheduled for December 16, but because this date is in the season of Advent, it was necessary to postpone it until after the Christmas vacation.

Hockey Situation Appears Brighter

To be witness to the spectacle of the decline of Hockey at Assumption in the past three years has served only to make more bitter the cup of athletic disaster which had engulfed us previous to this year. But four short years ago Assumption was a decidedly feared team in the O.H.A. In the M.O. conference the Purple and White reigned supreme. The succeeding year an attempt to compete in intermediate ranks in the O.H.A. failed. Our sole entry the next year was in the local C.Y.O. Hockey was dying out, a dead letter sport. A Canadian College was not playing Canada's national sport. From the heights to the depths in three years.

The issue at least was vital and came up again this year. It is well realized that the road back to the top is much harder than the path of its precipitous fall. It is recognized that for the time being our activities will be confined to local competition. Our one chance is in the C.Y.O., the present calibre of which is far in advance of some few years back. The intrepid re-organizers have minimized the amount necessary to get under way. It stands at \$60.00. A regulation size rink will be necessary, the campus field to be the location. Boards and nets that will be available for years can be put up at a relatively small cost. Cost of indoor practice would be eliminated and the rinks will provide the basis for the promotion of intra-mural hockey. With the calling of the hockey meeting scheduled for this week it is hoped that we are to witness a re-birth of the once flourishing sport of all Canada.

"BROTHER ORCHID" SCHEDULED FOR DECEMBER

The news has just come flashing in across the A. C. wires (alternating current, to you) that the Assumption College Players are planning a premiere for December. And the Players are just as ambitious as last year when "Journey's End" was the featured performance. This year it is "Brother Orchid," a new dramatization of a famous short story featured by Collier's last year. The dramatization is by Leo Brady and all we can tell you now is that the story has to do with monks and gangsters.

The date for the play is not absolutely definite but rumour has it that it will be on the boards about the eighteenth and nineteenth of December. It has also been whispered that we are stealing a march on Hollywood inasmuch as the films are said to be planning to do "Brother Orchid" with Edward G. Robinson in the title role. Casting and initial rehearsals of the Assumption show are taking place this week. All college men are invited to come along to try out for parts or to learn the intricacies of stagecraft and lighting by working on the sets which have such scope that they include a bar room and a monastery cell.

Keep your eye on the Purple and White for further news of the Players' activities and especially for the developments that may be planned for the spring. In the meantime here's hoping our gangster Brother gets an orchid.

Alumni Sponsors Football Dance

The Alumni Association did themselves up "right well" as far as the "under grads" were concerned when they staged one of the finest feasts of Tropicana which it has been our good fortune to witness. The chairman of the dance was Bill Parsons (of the Windsor Parsons), and he was ably assisted by Andy McGuire, Ray Marcotte and other staunch rooters for the Alma Mater.

The guests were graced (and I do mean graced) by Edward "Liz" Fortier and "Stevie" McManus. Thereupon their hand writing was tested by those eminent gentlemen Ray Marcotte and Jack Fox. After passing this gauntlet they were ushered into the attractively decorated ballroom, to swing out in rhythm to Matti Holli's able swingsters.

The team was presented (or should I say resented?) by Bobby David of CWKL (minus the frying pan—the question is why?) and coach Shada (who is thinking of taking over the P.S. department next year) gave the crowd a few—words.

The occasion was honored by having such patrons as Mr. and Mrs. Jack Adams, Dr. and Mrs. Roberts, Dr. and Mrs. Dwyer and Mr. and Mrs. Joe McManus.

Debating Team to be Subsidy of Literary Society

For the past three weeks meetings have been held at various times for the distinct purpose of organizing a Debating Society. The response did not warrant the establishing of a separate society for debating, so it was then that those present and the Students' Council decided that in the future debating will be conducted under the wing of the Literary Society.

In the event that we debate with outside schools, a debating team shall be chosen from those taking part in our intramural debates. This selection will be made by Mr. Crowley, who is fully competent to aid those in our literary debates, and who has already had considerable experience in handling debating teams.

To date, letters have been received from Loyola College, Montreal, and the University of Ottawa, concerning debates.

Anyone having aspirations in this field of endeavor should immediately contact Mr. Kane, President of the Literary Society, or Mr. Crowley.

Purple AND White

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THE "CLUB" ROOM

Even with our case of malignant astigmatism it is not difficult to see that something is wrong with the fellows of this venerable institution this year. And with our limited capabilities we have eked out the cause and have found what we think might be a plausible remedy.

The fault, we think, lies in cliques, which, broken down for the benefit of the seniors, means confinement of individuals to select groups; which, broken down for the freshmen, means there are too many gangs. The biggest coterie is that of the "flat" variety. Father Weiler's little cherubs simply "cawn't stawnd" these demonic ruffians harbored by Father Mallon, and Father Burns' little ones are allied by their insignificance and can't even endure themselves. And, of course, this works the other way around, too. But there is even a greater allocation of coteries on these flats. McManus' Kapering Kiddies (all four of them) absolutely abhor Nigro's Mad Maulers, and neither of them can stand Kenan's Kut-throats, who, in turn, simply scream when they are in the presence of Spahn's Splashers, who, by the way, cannot endure the fifty-four cliques claiming membership from domestic and foreign flats. Of course, this is rather far-fetched but it will give some indication in a very graphic manner as to what the situation is.

Without any great laborious mental effort we have come to the startling conclusion that something should be done about this. The solution lies in the establishment of a club room where the "cherubs," "demons," and "untouchables" can associate in fraternal camaraderie. Of course, we are about ten years late with this suggestion, since one was established in 1929 or thereabouts across from Father Lee's office-cuisine, but you can see that we are on the right track. What we mean is that the "club" room should be resurrected from the barren chamber that it is now to a place that will really induce the cliques to congregate and thereby become uncliquish.

We propose that the Students' Council scrutinize the situation with their beady eyes and effect the installation of various forms of recreation such as ping-pong tables, an electric victrola with swing records, and a few good magazines. These innovations would not cost very much and they would tend to draw the constituents of the flats into one common center, so that one could be aware that he is a member of the great whole of Assumption College, and not just one of Father Weiler's, Burns', or Mallon's girls.

WHAT DO YOU SAY, STUDENTS' COUNCIL?

IF THE CAP FITS

There are about 100 day students at Assumption. To every invitation to participate in College activities, the answer is no, almost a hundred times no. We would like to believe that it is a revolt against the modern emancipation from the home. But blindness has not set in yet. Perhaps the cool air of night chills still further their already frigid hearts. It is really too much to ask these indolents to make use of the college for any more than a check-room. An evening pep rally is left unsupported by the so called other half of the student body. Their lungs cannot stand the extra effort entailed in belching forth their mite of oratory; just a few graced the meetings of the Literary Society with their presence. They have no zip at football games. Behold the dead appendage of our student body, the dayhopper.

TOWARDS A BETTER HONOR SYSTEM

Every college, no doubt, has its quota of gentlemen who consider studies the prime factor, and Assumption, too, has its share. Some of these gentlemen forego many pleasures that are the natural heritage of most college men. In fact we might say that some of them even endure an academic asceticism, but unlike asceticism of the religious variety, there is no reward. Of course there is always the self-complacency that accompanies a good report; but, then, self-complacency is so intangible, and such an empty thing! Surely there should be some public recognition, some very tangible reward.

Therefore, in order to offer some recompense to these scholarly creatures, we propose that the Students' Council create, out of their funds, a system of academic rewards, the eligibility for which should be decided by the faculty. To be more constructive, we might propose a plan wherein the highest ranking graduate in each of the Philosophy, Honour Economics, Science, and Pass courses should receive a plaque, or something symbolic of his achievement. So, too, could there be rewards for individual subjects — (e.g.) a remuneration for the graduate who has achieved the highest four-year average in History, English, French, Latin, or any courses the venerable Council should prefer.

At the same time there could be honor rolls posted at the end of each examination period.

Should the Students' Council adopt these measures, we are quite sure that they would receive the full support and co-operation of the faculty, for they fully realize that rewards and prizes promote the incentive to study. There would be fewer indolent individuals trying to "just get by," and consequently, the average of the student body would be raised. And, after all, is this not the dream of every college faculty?

Personality Plus



EDMONTON COWBOY MAKES GOOD OUT EAST

The Golden West ("Golden" is strictly a non de plume here, still unaccounted for) has had its share of titanic as well as drowsy events. But historical inventory fails to unearth anything more cataclysmic than the stork's deposit of Baby-Dumpling Nigro on that side of some "Wasteland" street, known as Edmonton. According to the tell-all birth certificate, Monty gurgled heartily when he heard that he was to be accoutered with such delicate prefixes as: Felix, Francis, Marie, Monty, Robert . . . but as the Egyptians would put it, "de gustibus non est disputandum." His burgeoning days had not progressed very far when he realized that to boast such an "epithet" introduction was suicidal in any organized society. So he eenee-meened himself out of most of the names and currently is known, unless one can get around the issue, as plain "Monty." The fact that Tonce thinks "it-th a thwell name," is of no practical import.

It is, I realize, quite unconceivable that Sire Nigro could have escaped the eye of any student at Assumption. But possibilities overlooked make for disaster, so he will scan hastily his more general physical appointments. Our pinto-playmate tips the scales in or around (okay, above) 195 pounds, which is no small burden for a frame not exceeding five-feet eight to carry about — which carrying-about is minimized by sleeping away about thirteen hours daily. And you all know by now, Monty carries little of his "bloataciousness" between his ears (though his ears themselves "Gable-up the odd ounce or thirty). However, no tape-measure would want for space in a fifty-inch sprint about his now-notorious "spare-tire" (unquote), an ugly horizon over which all else above shyly peeks. But don't get us wrong! Though the cannibals would deem him to be worthy barbecue material . . . still in local circles he is on the receiving end of many a beautifully-delivered sigh — unless sighs have been supplanted by some newer attracting device . . . which sighs or devices have been the ruination, as a student, of many a worthy gent over "hyar."

Marie (that takes it all the way from just plain "Monty") hasn't done a poor job of being a four-time member of the Student Council, and twice was proxy of his class. Academically it would be best if we reserved our opinion. Suffice it to say that Father McDonald "very-gooded" him a couple of times during Biology Class, which speaks for itself (when Monty isn't bragging about it himself). By the way, Monty had better start missing labs for we hear that the study of reptiles is fast sneaking up . . . or do snakes not bother you dear, as they used to. We hereby solemnly promise to find out in the very proximate future if your allergicism to the wily-ones still holds.

We had intended to cross-section Monty's extra-curricular interests, but after all the guy does know that someone in school wrote this and he wouldn't hesitate to bludgeon about until I was unhappily unearthed . . . and then made ready for reburial. One thing does bother me though, in this vain; why doesn't Monty's gift-of-gab (he has often been termed the "Earl of Oil") produce something really gorgeous . . . or could it be that at 2400 miles anyone could defy you to say your closest and best maids-of-interest are of the Lamar-Loretta Young trend.

As far as aspirations are to be considered, we have little to go by. As we go to press Monty says that if he makes a success of his speech in the gym tomorrow, he will consider his life a success. Oh well, if Monty Nigro (this should save my complete demolition) is half as well-liked when he graduates, (there's a point to think about Monty), as he was during the three years I knew him and is as successful with whatever he tackles as he was "under wraps" at Sandwich, he'll give us all a job . . . the Prime Minister of Canada usually can.

POLICY BE DAMNED!

I have just been reading Benjamin Franklin. Great as he may have been in many ways, Benjamin was also very little. Take for instance his Poor Richard's "honesty is the best policy." Policy! Policy! That's what I mean when I say he was little. Policy be damned! Honesty isn't a policy at all. It is one of the moral virtues and that is an entirely different thing. Too many attractive lies are going around wrapped up in high-sounding maxims. 'Virtue is its own reward' is another. God is the rewarder of virtue and our ethical sense is not planted in us merely to produce a sense of snug self-satisfaction.

But this question of policy is important since so many people try to apply the rules of salesmanship to ordinary life. It is not long since there was a tremendous sale for Dale Carnegie's "How to Win Friends and Influence People." There is an example of a book that rings with insincerity from beginning to end. Boiled down, it is a system for pandering to people's weaknesses until they give you what you want. This may be all right in the field of salesmanship where the motto is "my commission, right or wrong" but when this deliberate Machiavellianism is applied to one's ordinary social life it reeks!

Of course, there is also the moral virtue of Prudence which enables us to modify general principles to suit the particular occasion. Sometimes it would be, not only impolite, but actually uncharitable to (clichely enough) 'call a spade a spade'. But this prudence, or discretion, springing from a different motive is vastly different from Benjamin Franklin's "policy" or Dale Carnegie's "Art of selling yourself."

It would have been interesting to have heard D. H. Lawrence's remarks on Carnegie's book. He certainly had something to say about Franklin. He said it in his 'Studies in Classic American Literature' (q.v.) 'At the beginning of his career, this cunning little Benjamin drew up for himself a creed that should satisfy the professors of every religion but shock none . . . He invented a God to suit his own ends. God is the supreme servant of men who want to get on, to produce — Providence — The Provider. The Heavenly Store-keeper — The everlasting Wanamaker — aloft on a pile of dollars.' We have no justification for saying that Dale Carnegie's theological point of view is the same as Franklin's, but, nevertheless, that attitude seems to be implied in his book.

How many people, we wonder, are going about the country trying to put into practice the rules to win friends and influence (or should it be 'affluent') people? Not that it is a bad idea to put oneself out in order to please others. No! Not at all. The point is that there is a difference between Charity which gives, and Policy which gives only to get. And then if you try to call your Policy by the name of Charity you are merely trying to put a religious veneer over purely human motives. It reminds one of the saying, by Disraeli I believe, that he didn't mind Gladstone having the ace of hearts up his sleeve, but he hated him to say God put it there.

The end of all this is merely to say that if we are going to do good actions let us be clear-headed enough to motivate them by the right principles. Then we shall get rid of a lot of our pseudo-philosophical maxims. Away with 'Honesty is the best policy.'

Policy be damned!

“ . . . as you like it . . . ”

By THE CYNIC

For the first time in "umteen" years, the Purple and White has begun an issue without four pages of complaining about this thing and crabbing about that thing and so on and so on. It was truly gratifying to see the fine spirit of optimism displayed in the first issue. The following paragraphs are not intended to be complaints but merely opinions on what up until now has been an appalling situation.

This situation has been prevalent in the school for a long time and should have been rectified long before this, but recent steps taken by students appear to have the matter at least somewhat under control.

FRIARS' CLUB VS. ATHLETIC DEPARTMENT:

The Friars' Club, self styled social committee of the college, has for a long time been at swords' points with the Athletic Department and the Assumption Alumni because it seems that all three are invariably conflicting with one another in the matter of selecting dates for their respective dances. Now, here is the thing: There has for a long time been a fabricated story that no dances may be held in the name of the college. This is a false belief and was declared to be untrue by the president of the institution himself. Therefore, why has the Friars' Club been masquerading, so to speak? In their advertising they have omitted the name of the school, yet they have considered themselves as a vital organization in the school. However, it does not matter now insofar as this group has been taken under the wing of the Student Council — a merger that should have taken place long ago.

On the other hand, the Athletic Department has deliberately billed all of their dances as "Assumption College Football Frolics," etc. Have they been believers in the name omitting heresy? In like manner the alumni have billed their dances in the name of the school as well. What a number of us would like to know is why can not the Assumption Alumni insert the name Alumni in large letters in their advertising in order that there will be no misunderstanding.

Now the strange thing is that all three of these groups stage all of their jam sessions in succession. They all follow from within seven to twelve days of each other and then perhaps two months elapse before a dance is even heard of again. This is foolish, let alone the squabbles that result when the Friars and the Athletes want to kick the gong around on the same night.

These affairs should be more evenly spaced throughout the year. The Student Council-Friars organization should manage most of them as they are truly the voice of the Student body. The Athletic Department should consult the Student Council first before proceeding with definite dates and then any misunderstandings can be avoided.



SPORTS



BASKETBALL MOVES INTO SPOTLIGHT

SPORTSLANTS

Saturday brought to a close one of the most successful football seasons at Assumption, for the team of 1939 was one of which we can be well proud. The season was highlighted with several brilliantly-played games, namely, the Adrian, St. Mary's, Findlay, and Bluffton contests. The team had many faults at the beginning of the year but many of these were overcome with time and practice. The blocking seemed to be the sorest spot on the team and when talked of by the fans they blamed it on the inexperience of the Canadian players in American football. Coach Johnny Shada lacked time and assistance, which was partly responsible for some of the poor playing in the early season games. As the season progressed the coach was able to discover what was wrong with the boys and iron out the greater difficulties.

The Oilers came here with a fine record and the Purple team it was who spoiled this record. Findlay is perhaps one of the best small college teams in Ohio and Michigan. Of course, the De Sales defeat blotted our own record, but, sans alibis, the boys were off their stride that night. If that game were to be played at this time Assumption would certainly put up a much better battle, and might even beat them. Assumption finished with second place in the M.O. Conference and are all very proud of the excellent showing made by our School this year.

* * * * *

Although the attendance at the games wasn't what it should have been, there were some good crowds. It certainly is no fun to go out and play out one's heart before empty stands. A player only performs his best when he has encouragement.

Basketball is the next major sport on the calendar so let's give the team some real backing. How about it? The slogan that is circulating about the campus today is: "Let's make Assumption College Assumption conscious." The students alone can do this. So, what do you say we get behind that slogan?

* * * * *

For the second successive year, this department thinks Assumption is going to have a good year in intra-mural sports. Through the pioneer work of "Aid" Hanna last year the intra-mural set-up took on new life. No matter what sport it was, basketball, handball, softball, or touch football, the students got behind "Aid" and as a result, intra-mural sports were very successful. A good evidence of this was the excitement and enthusiasm that was shown in the play-offs. These teams went into the games with murder in their eyes and brass knuckles in their pockets. The finest type of playing and fun is found in the intra-mural leagues. Ask any upper classman, he'll tell you!

* * * * *

The cheering section will be sorry to learn that "Crusher" O'Brien has been retired to the sidelines with a broken foot. "Crusher," in our estimation, is one of the best cheer leaders ever to grace Assumption's cheering section.

It took the well renowned Philosophers to run out the Scholastics in their annual game of touch football, 6-0. Archie Langan scored the only marker of the game. You would have known there was a football game if you could have seen some of the battered players trying to make the stairs up to the "Philosophers Flat" after the game on Saturday morning.

Ever listen to Ed. Suscinski play the game over? He usually starts in our room about a quarter to twelve and winds up at one. He uses all of Father Donnelly's psychology.

If Jack "The Killer" Tighe could only play the game of football the way he talks it, he would be another Tom Harmon.

Bilitzke Plans Big Intramural Program

During the past few years intra-mural sports have taken on new energy and have made it possible for those students who don't partake in varsity athletics to show off their talent in their respective fields.

Concerning the coming year the Student Council has determined to increase these activities so that EVERY college man should participate in at least one.

According to the plans already drawn up, and subject to change without notice, the program will begin with a Ping-Pong tournament, which will start immediately after Retreat. Watch your respective bulletin boards for announcements.

This contest should keep the student body "winded" until Christmas vacation. Upon your return from your respective domiciles (and if Mother Nature permits) there will be staged an informal match upon the hockey rink between the star boarders and the "Kennel Students." This should determine whether anyone possesses royal (blue) blood or just the common, ordinary, red stuff.

Upon the completion of these gory battles (and as soon as the survivors are able to walk) the manful sport of basketball will take the throne. This will consist of engagements between teams representing each flat, the victor meeting the vanquisher of the "Day Dogs," whose teams will be drawn from their respective classes. This should provide a plentitude of entertainment until the snow has left the earth again (both flakes) and balls begin flying via the atmosphere.

Softball will then keep the spotlight until the end of the school term.

We expect each individual to partake in each activity, whether he believes he has the necessary ability or not, because, as everyone knows, stars are produced (c.f. Yankee Farm System) not born. If anyone wishes to be excused, they will have to give a legitimate excuse, otherwise there might well be dire consequences (spelled R-I-V-E-R).

Your efforts will not be in vain since the winner (or winners) of each activity will be presented with an appropriate trophy which your lady-friends will simply go ka-ra-zy over.

If any other "info" is desired, kindly contact Bernard Bilitzke or Jack Keenan, Boss and Co-Boss of above organization respectively, and they will do their utmost to satisfy you.

Raiders Shackle Findlay 14-0

ASSUMPTION SCORES UPSET

A strong and determined Assumption team took the field against Findlay College of Findlay, Ohio, and sent them home with a 14-0 defeat. The game was a hard fought contest from start to finish. The "Oilers" from Ohio are one of the best small college teams having defeated Kent State by the score of 9-7. The visitors put up a strong battle but it was one of Assumption's good days and the Purple Raiders took advantage of it to humble the "Oilers."



Raiders Upset Bluffton 26-12

LOSS OF REGULARS PROVED NO HANDICAP

On Saturday, November 11, the Assumption Purple Raiders struck swiftly through the air to down a weak and far inferior Bluffton team to the tune of 26-12. It was the last game of the season for the Ohioans and very few of the home town folks were out to see the lads on a very crisp but clear afternoon. Bluffton, as well as Findlay, expected the Purples to be a pushover and a breather on their schedules, but an excellent passing attack downed both Ohio Colleges.

Intramural Program Outlined at H. N.

Miss Woolcott, Holy Names' instructor in Physical Education, held her first class on Monday, October 2nd. The session opened with a "pep talk" in which her plans for this term were outlined. The best badminton couple will probably star in the annual tournament sponsored by the Windsor Badminton Club; and the best basketball six may compete against other Windsor schools.

President Elizabeth Hall could be voted the all-American girl for her skill in the requirements of this season's sports. No special teams have yet been selected but Margaret Sternbauer, Janet Folster, Elizabeth Hall, Mary Jane Walton and Mary Jo Benette will be among the foremost chosen.

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ALUMNI SLATED AS RAIDERS' FIRST OPPONENTS

In past years it has been the custom of Assumption hoopsters to come out on the floor with a fighting and determined will to win. The college has always been known to be on the top of the heap in both Canadian and American basketball circles. In past years such men as Bill "Moose" Rogin, Red Nantias, "Scrubby" Aitcheson, Walt Dejarlais and "Toots" Meretsky graced the hardwood floor of Assumption College.

It was back in 1935 that the Purple Raiders went to Vancouver in the finals of the Canadian play-offs. They lost this series but not until the final game.

For the past couple of seasons there has been a decided slump in the Purple camp but plans are in the making for a successful season. With practice slated to start on Nov. 20, the Purple Raiders will be in shape for their contest with the Alumni on Dec. 1. After this contest, the team will stack up against the University of Detroit.

Coach Shada should be able to build a team well over six feet. Among these, the only college men left from last year are Gene Durocher and Don Benson with Norm Fibbs and Lyle Gray coming up from high school. If all goes well Norm Fibbs, a rugged boy, should have a good season this year.

Other candidates will be "Bitzy" Alex and Ed. Suscinski, Joe Slovisky, Pat Peartree, Jerry Koeler, Bill Ashley and Ed. Westfall. The big game on the schedule this year will be the U. of D. game scheduled for December 13, which should provide much excitement for the fans. This will be the game toward which all the players will be pointing.

"FROM THE BLEACHERS"

By BUD GANNON

Ramblers Upset Kennedy

For the first time in five years Assumption's Purple Ramblers have failed to represent the Alma Mater in the City play-off. However, the satisfaction of upsetting the top-flite team of the season offered some recompense for our ignominy. "Point for your strongest opponent, knock them off and love a successful season." Bob Zupke and his Illinois victory over Michigan, Assumption and its victory over Kennedy—both in the same bracket.

While the opposing lines were literally burying each other in the earthly slime, our backfield managed to wade through mud ankle deep to shove over that lone touchdown that meant the game and victory. Fr. Armstrong's boys clicked like veterans and left the defeated Kennedy team with its starch well worked out in the muddy wash. Score: 5 to 1. It was the second victory of the season, while losing three. It left Assumption tied with Sandwich but just a little shy for the first time in five years, outside.

Juniors Lose in Play-offs

The Juniors got one step past their Senior brethren. They crashed the play-offs. But a single step was all it was, going down to defeat before the Kennedy Juniors 4 to 1. Like the Senior game it was played on a wet and soggy field. Assumption outplayed Kennedy and more than once was in position to score but the mud slowed them up just a few feet from that final white line. Hats off to a scrappy team that deserves a lot of credit.

Six Man Football at A. C.

Twelve, eleven, six. Having seen the first two, the last is now the vogue of the campus. Father Armstrong introduced it last week and Red Morrison has taken over the coaching job. With speed demons like Tad "End-Run" Keenan around it should be quite a thing.

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Senior Basketball Begins

As one proceeds through the tunnel these days the racket overhead tells that the basketeers are pounding the hardwood. The future is bright for basketball this year. There is a grand nucleus of a fine team, with players such as Gallagher, MacPherson, Pleasance, Benette, Snyder, Davis, Flood, Kennedy and Keenan, Assumption should lead the league. Back them up, gang, with a few dashes of spirit and watch their smoke.

Assumption on the Ice.

Fr. Mallon introduced his hockey team to the ice on Nov. 9 with the first practice at the Arena. Getting off to an early start, forty candidates appeared for tryouts. The Seniors expect to go places this year as quite a few of the second place club of last year are available. Amongst them we find "Nick" Nichols, "Bugs" Beuglet, "Beef" Howard, Don May, Norm Callery, Bill Laurey, Pat Hucher, Allan Arthur and "Mac" McIntyre. Among the newcomers we like Charlie Thompson, "Slug" Wright and Bud Karstens.

The Juniors, new this year, boast such icers as Delaire, Levesque, Calsavara, Ducharme, Cameron, Dalton and Joe Schiller. Fr. Mallon expects the league to open before Christmas and promises to have two great teams on the ice by that time.

Senior Sub-Minims

The Senior Sub-Minim dropped the opener of a series to Kennedy, which seems to be our perennial foe, 12-1. Half time saw the score even. In the second half Hildabrand, captain and star center, and Paul Beuglet had to be removed due to injuries. A. C. as a result was on the losing side. When they got back in action on Wednesday, the score may be reversed. So say they all, especially McGuire, O'Donnell, Dominee and Donnelly.

Junior Sub-Minim

The lightest team in the school, heaviest man 100 lbs., have covered themselves with the proverbial glory. Eight won, two lost, one tie. They have piled up 238 points while the opposition has struggled for 52. Outstanding games were those with St. Francis, Catholic Central of Detroit, St. Francis Home, St. Catherine's and St. Anthony's. A lot of credit for this hard hitting, high scoring bunch of midget warriors goes to Mr. "Louis" Beigneul, our nomination for the pepper-pot coach of the school.

Snoopin' with Scoop!

The secret agents clamoring for recognition and attention are demanding that we go to press. So hold tight fellows while the wheel spins —

Ray Reszka, the frosh Apollo (you should see the picture on the wall of his room), is still telling the boys about the 22 inch blades on his skates. He claims he is a speedster. Videbimus quod videbimus, or something!!!

About the busiest person at the recent Alumni Dance we are told was none other than huge Howard Flynn, alias Little Abner. When we questioned why he was running about so much, Howard answered with a big grin, "I dunno."

Evidently Bill Doran swears by "an all expense tour." Dame Rumor says that Bill's "fondest desire" completes that type of tour to perfection, each time they take an evening out. I wish I had one like that, Bill.

At the past Alumni Dance the guests registered at the request of genial Jack Fox. Jack sent them away in a jovial mood. Who wouldn't? For our Jack was bedecked with a white stiff collar, blue print shirt, yellow tie, green-checked coat, gray striped trousers and tan-speckled pumps.

From the Football room comes word that there is no need of a fan about the place as long as Callaghan and Starker are present. That's what I call spirit — and such usefulness.

Poor "Nickie" Richards, after talking for a month about a certain date that he is going to have, suddenly found out at the last minute that John Venini doesn't only take photos. Never mind, Nick, if you do not succeed try again and besides you still have Marie.

Donald "Duck" Benson, the "cheese and crackers" lad of the Philosopher's Flat, will begin lessons next week for all comers entitled, "How to do it on twenty cents every week-end."

Alphonse Staskewicz believes in killing two birds with one stone. While enjoying a dance at Lakewood, Al, during intermission, was practicing table tennis. If practice makes perfect, Al should be very good considering the number of times he visited the recreation room. And speaking of his audience — well, ask Al.

Dearborn's own Al Berger has recently turned to dancing which, although approved by some, was met by a disdainful glare by "Donald." Al always seems to dance before open windows with plenty of spectators. What is it Al? "Dancing with My Shadow" or "Across the Way."

Who said the days of chivalry had ceased? Not so, for Lou "Fu" Mero. Even though Morpeth (never heard of it) is seventy miles east of here, Lou visits it every week-end, and travellers along the highway tell us that Lou briskly walks along — no doubt with Flossie in mind, too. We'd just LOVE to meet Flossie.

Dane Kane from somewhere in Queee-bee claims that his slogan these days is the following:
Is it talk? How big is the guy? Is it Dust?

An added attraction at the next Pep meeting will be none other than (so we are told) Wallace "Toots" Baillargeon, the sociable Soph from Tecumseh. "Toots" claims "what them fellows needs is a pep talk in French." We'll be waiting Toots.

Harry Paul Gulyas, our local Eddie Duchin, returned to school Sunday nite after having a heavy week-end. We hear Helen plays on the accordion, too. But tell us, Paul, do you take the accordion to the river front with you?

Official College Calendar

(Continued from Page 1)

Catholic Action Society	8:00 P.M.
Friday, December 1st	
Pep Rally	9:00 A.M.
Friday, December 1st	
Varsity Basketball vs. Alumni (home)	
Friday, December 1st	
Football Dance (Assump'n Ath. Assoc.)	
Monday, December 4th	
Friars' Club	3:30 P.M.
Monday, December 4th	
Mission Society	7:30 P.M.
Tuesday, December 5th	
Student Council	3:30 P.M.
Tuesday, December 5th	
Sodality	7:30 P.M.
Thursday, December 7th	
Third edition of "P&W"	Noon
Friday, December 8th	
Sodality Reception	7:30 P.M.
Saturday, December 9th	
Varsity Basketball vs. U. of D. (away)	
Sunday, December 10th	
Lecture: S. Buchanan	8:15 P.M.
Monday, December 11th	
Friars' Club	3:30 P.M.
Monday, December 11th	
Literary Society	8:00 P.M.
Tuesday, December 12th	
Catholic Action Society	8:00 P.M.
Tuesday, December 12th	
Student Council	2:00 P.M.
Friday, December 15th	
Student Assembly	1:15 P.M.
Sunday, December 17th	
Varsity Basketball vs. DeSales	
Monday, December 18th	
Friars' Club	3:30 P.M.
Monday, December 18th	
Play: "Brother Orchid"	Assumption Gym.
Tuesday, December 19th	
Student Council	2:00 P.M.

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Quick!"

'Twas a gay night in the Boarders' Clubroom on Monday night, November the sixth, when the Mission meeting was in progress. Before the meeting was officially called, the room was aglow with bright lights and cigarette smoke which wove intricate patterns in the air. The babbling of voices and sprightly conversation coming from within the room fairly sparkled with effervescent exuberance, so typical of Assumption students. The babbling of voices — all two of them!

President Fox smoked feverishly as he stalked about the room. "Where are my little missionaries to-night?" he exclaimed, while Secretary Archambault, who was sitting on the lower rung of the table biting his toenails, ejaculated, "Je ne sais quois! Je ne sais quois!" "Well the meeting has been called for eight o'clock and we must proceed, missionaries or no missionaries!"

And so with all the formalities of parliamentary law properly dispensed with, the meeting began promptly. "Pardonnez moi," said Archambault pensively as he clipped another one, "but here comes McManus and his gang." "Oh, that little band of ruffians," cried Foxy as he went into a handspring. "I suppose that we will just have to put up with them." "Hi Pres! Whaddya hear from the mob!" hollered Kane as he threw his leg around his neck and flopped into a chair. "Now ree-ally, Mr. Kane, we must be sensible. This is a mission meeting," replied Pres. Fox with a tone of indignation in his voice. "Shux," said D. Bill Burke, editor of the Purple and White, as he played solitaire with five other guys, "let's get serious." "Yeah, let's get in the groove," the other members of the gang chorled.

"Well, gentlemen, here is the thing," began the presy-wezy, "this year, if the students are acquiescent to my plan, and trusting that we may counteract any existing obstacles, I want to give to the missions the sum of one thousand dollars."

At this, McManus swooned upon the floor and was rushed to Hoel Dien; Kane went into a convulsion; Fortier almost swallowed his pipe; Secretary Archambault swallowed his big toe, and D. Bill Burke, editor of the Purple and White, his face tense and with that look of wisdom that comes only after long and tedious hours of working on The Purple and White, rose to his feet and clutching the back of the chair said, "Shux." Oh, my, it was a terrible mess with everybody aswoonin' all over the place!

"H-h-h-how are you going to raise such a mere drop in the bucket?" some timid soul managed to inquire. President Fox nonchalantly threw his head back and came back with a smashing, slashing, spellbinding statement that made all the other missionaries who managed to survive sit up and take notice, holding their breaths till they almost burst. "Oh, fudge, why do you boys think that a thousand dollars is so great a sum?" "Shux, we don't know," said D. Bill Burke, editor of the Purple and White, as we said before. Anybody would think that D. Bill Burke was editor of the Purple and White, the way we are carrying on here. Anyway he is the editor of the Purple and White and there is no getting away from it. (How's that for getting in a commercial, Burke?) Anyhoo, Pres. Fox continued: "We will raise such a sum by staging a giant card party." "Aw Nuts!" said Kane coming out of his convulsion, "let's have a big crap game, instead, one flat against the other."

By this time the poor president was exasperated and suggested that someone make the motion that all the missionaries leave, especially Kane. The motion was made and seconded and thus ended the Mission meeting. We have so many intellectual gatherings at Assumption. "Nescio quid," muttered Archambault, changing dialect as well as language.

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Students Fight Findlay with Fire

PEP RALLY AT SCENE OF BONFIRE

The second edition of "School Spirit or Bust" was edited with not little ado the weekend of Oct. 28th, which featured the Assumption-Findlay tie-up. Hours before it met actual death, the "oh-aitch ten" team was waked in high-falootin' fashion at a bonfire sponsored by every student this side of the infirmary. And methinks if any cheers were fumbled the afternoon of the game, hoarse throats were, if we may venture a guess, "itty-bittily" responsible.

Since a bonfire is hardly in the iota category, perchance we should dot-and-dash the prelims. Mr. Fortier, our chief sign-putter-upper and sign-taker-downer (which means the President) and his prexonites pulled our masterful model-T about them that Friday afternoon and quite handily erased every burnable object in Windsor and Sandwich and dumped them on our football field. (By the way Derby John, we suggest that Fords were never meant to be started in high with the brakes on . . . it just isn't cricket). The architectural prowess of our booster-club vanguard produced quite a "Pe-nobscotish" effect on the campus and guards-of-the-pile, Tighe and Gignac, vigiled about during supper just in case spontaneous combustion should happen along.

With a view to cataloguing the evening's ruction, plan upon plan for the bonfire sequence was proposed and as promptly chucked, until finally Ed, "I'm-the-big —," Fortier collapsed upon the idea of having an Indian pre-war ceremony around the fire. Imagine! An Indian war-dance around a bonfire. These philosophy courses really prompt great noodle give-outs.

Steve MacManus, the viscount of verbiage, was Chief Fortier's medicine man (or is it medicine-ball, of the screw variety) and his imitation of Cab Calloway imitating Steve MacManus doing the "Jumpin' Jive" was in the super class. Kuddles Keenan and his fire-eaters set the wood ablaze and we're quite certain that the flame must have burned away his mustache . . . anyway we haven't seen it lately. The tempo of the cheers and the band matched stride with the fade-out of the orange-erate from the Sandwich Lunch. The din was so diinnish that we barely heard Padre Kelley yelling at us to start yelling.

Since the purpose of the roundup was to dispose of Findlay as figuratively as possible, comes now the main event. A "placed - on - a - stretcher - and-stuffed-with-hay" representative of the Findlay gridsters was left to its own devices against the murderous onslaught of the Tomahawk-Man, Hatchetface Nigro. That's one scrap Mont won, fellas. (By the by, elsewhere in this paper Monsoor Nigro will have a chance to meet himself — look around.)

Oh yes! Father Thompson, in a personal interview late yesterday afternoon, (gotta give it that reportorial slant) denied that he had lost a derby by virtue of a grab-act at the scene of the Pep Meeting. He did say, however, that he had been carrying an old derby "chapeau" with him and that upon request he had given it to one of the children who was molesting him. (Edmonton papers please copy.)

Much has been said pro and con regarding the quagmire in which our school spirit was supposed to have been entrenched. Well that Pep Rally we have just bill-boarded seems to have brushed away lingering mildew from local enthusiasm. The fire of "we're with you" has singed every man on the campus and from here on it looks as if all the students, Frosh through Seniors, are going to pour on the coal and keep it coming.

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Glints and Gleams

from H.N.C.

Freshman Chronicle:

Sept. 23—Formal reception in Laur-deal Hall — And we were there, seen, but not heard!

Sept. 24—Assumption's Classic halls welcomed us as we hectically over-loaded our blue cards of registration with subjects, courses and their numbers to the dismay of conservative guides and experts in Study Schedules.

Sept. 30—Monsignor Sheen's Lecture — Again seen but not heard!

Oct. 5—An afternoon reminiscent of Lake Erie breezes. Delightful hours: games, fireside fancies (a real fire-place), Twilight Sing-Song, Cottage (?) Fare, and Ride Home by Moonlight — Initiation jolts for Class '43 ended. We recovered our powers of speech. Plums to Elizabeth Hall, president, Mary Kehoe, vice-president, and our gracious Margaret Woolcott and Catherine Nelson, Class '39, not forgetting Loretta Stephenson whose lively accordion tunes helped us dance the hours away.

Oct. 10—We elected our Class president — Mary Jo Bensette. Her gentle reign begins!

Oct. 26—H.N.C. Tea Dance to honour Resident Students at A.C. Holy Name School was the scene.

Oct. 30—Hallowe'en — Our Human Bingo, a pleasant sport with coffee, doughnuts and homemade candy as a lovely aftermath. Prize winners: Frances Whitehead, Betty Smith, Gloria Elliot, Margaret Toepfer, Suzanne Cronin.

Nov. 7—We assembled to hear Mr. Gregory Crowley's views on theatre work. He helped us do a little soul-searching as to what it means to each of us.

FUMES FROM A FLORENCE

FLASK—Observed by Muses of the Lab Tech.

Nine budding chemists emerge from behind pieces of broken glass and dirty clothes, put their gas masks back in the left hand drawer of their tables, take up their pens, and write:

A new ton of glass is on order so that Phyllis French may complete her distillation experiments . . . Catherine Nelson must be a pyromaniac, from the dearth of matches in her desk . . . Margaret Toepfer just can't keep her hands off mercury . . . She can't keep them on it either . . . Our Mad Scientist, Marjorie Mills, has a new mania . . . filtering anything and everything . . . Our jive-jane, Isabel Hewitt, trucks through her work at an amazing rate. "Day in, day out . . . The same old science follows on about."

So sings little Janet Folster, in a haunted voice!

Wanted—Some abrasive to erase the puzzled wrinkles from Margaret Reynolds' brow.

Mary Jane Walton does not believe in carrying on experiments on a small scale. Witness her last test which penetrated even to the elevator . . . Elizabeth Mall has been nicknamed "Hollow" Hall since her yearnings towards the culture (bacteria) medium have been made known . . . An Elodea to the student who discovered that a watch glass watches, a test-tube tests, a beaker beaks, and a graduate doesn't graduate . . . This week we are introducing a new series of experiments designed to help the hard-working student with the more complicated fundamentals of Chemistry. Behold our first attempt: Purpose: To examine the properties of a test-tube.

Method: Grasp a test-tube in the right hand and bang it firmly against a wooden table. (Don't it make a mess?)

Observation: It breaks.
Conclusion: Glass breaks, especially when banged.

HEARD IN THE KITCHENETTE:

Margaret T's latest contribution to Science is her theory that the sun moves around the earth. In fact, she has witnessed the phenomenon. Is that what you learned at U. of D., Marg? . . . The detective agents in Residents Row have done a bit of sleuthing, but to date, no results. They find that locking doors does not keep the transients out. Ask Ann! . . . For economic provisioning of the larder, Frances recommends her Consumers' Union Report as an invaluable guide. We hope the report favors Cream of Tomato Soup . . . The "jewel" of our Seniors continues to shine in History Class. She firmly declared that Ravena was the first Mayor of the Palace . . . Who floods the west wing with maddening melody just as the sun goes down? "Practice makes perfect," retorts Phyllis . . . Who is our authority on the White List of movies? She hails from New Jersey . . . from that State of Incipient Reds, according to Professor Horne! . . . Social contact reveals individual traits. Janet must be generous . . . sharing a piece of pie at the Tea Dance . . . Who needs no sleep-inducer? Ask Mary Jane who silently slumbers through an entire lecture . . . When? . . . Where?

. . . The percolator perks, the toaster toasts, and the talkers talk till sounds the "parting knell."

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WINDSOR, ONTARIO

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1940

FRED WARING MAY COMPOSE ASSUMPTION VICTORY SONG

Senior Prom Acclaimed "Assumption's Best Dance"

AVONDE'S MUSIC IS OUTSTANDING FEATURE

Aiding and abetting the rise of Purple Proms to a place in the sun of local entertainment, was the first Annual Senior Prom, wrapped and delivered (i.o.b.—\$2.00) at the Masonic Temple on January 31st. The dance was a hold-over from December when plans for the original Prom's debut were scuttled by a barrage of mediocre minstrels. Fouled or not the plans were shelved in good hands and the you-know-how-many committees were strutting about for a week prior to the affair, buying, renting, seeing, doing and dating.

About 9.30 Wednesday evening, Ed. Fortier and his Students' Council boarded the variety-packed whirligig and really did it to a turn for the hundred and twenty couples, tails, tuxes, flowery boucces, et al. Wherever quantity of numbers lacked, there was a double order of quality. The only unqualified and uninvited guests were those two hundred invisible couples whose masters had gone in ignorance to a big-hockey game held at the Arena that same evening, the same Wednesday night, or to the Ball held at another downtown hotel.



DICK AVONDE

However, had anyone not in attendance been in on about ten minutes of Mr. Avonde's music they would have hied themselves in quest of tails, corsage and a lame-enveloped lady with all the haste at their command. Windsor has seen a multiplicity of orchestras; Windsor has boasted one or two top-flight Bands annually; Windsor has had its entertainment quota okayed by those in Detroit higher entertainment brackets; — but Windsor has never had a Richard Avonde.

Avonde's name was polled with all the other tenders and won by a large majority in a Council vote. And the musical meringue he whipped to a turn was full of extra justification of the confidence our Council showed. From theme song to theme song Dick Avonde verified the praise heard locally from Brant Inn, Hamilton, and the Royal York in Toronto. "The best in Canada" is no understatement.

During the intermission Mr. MacManus ("Steve" when not in tails) took the master-of-ceremonies baton into hand and introduced the graduating class of 1940. "Bernie Bilitski and Verlin," Billy Ennest and Margaret Mary, "Little Bill Burke and Susabella," to name a few, paraded into the fore of the grand march and the Avondeers did a pretty bit of theming with "Purple and White." During the second half of the Ball requests were filled as often as the orchestra's down beat could comply and the band joined in the fun themselves with a solo or two which stopped the dancing for an entire number at a time.

Noted Thomist Lectures at Assumption

PRESIDENT OF MEDIAEVAL INSTITUTE SPEAKS ON LIBERTY

The interested philosophers of Assumption, Holy Names, Windsor and Detroit thronged the Study Hall on Feb. 7-9, at 4 o'clock, to hear the lectures of Rev. Gerald B. Phelon, head of the Institute of Mediaeval Studies, recently elevated to the rank of a Papal Institute by Pope Pius XII.

The theme of the lectures, "Thomistic Concept of Liberty," treated the approach of St. Thomas to a problem that was vital in his own day, controverted by subsequent philosophers and extremely timely today.

The thesis that Dr. Phelon presented aimed to show that St. Thomas made a profound analysis of one of the central problems of philosophy, that he resolved its antinomies and gave an integrated interpretation that accounted for a full view of human liberty that the majority of philosophers of modern times and contemporaries have given either piecemeal or in a way that did not satisfy the radical exigencies of human personality.

The divorce of nature and liberty, the automatism of the determined philosopher, the lifting of the sciences of Economics and Politics from the realm of human liberty, Dr. Phelon criticized in the light of St. Thomas' teachings and with not a little humor.

One of the highlights of the lectures was the analysis of the free act entailing the mutual interaction of the intellect and will, the command of the will in the liberty of free choice and the distinction between the intellect as speculative and practical, the necessity incumbent on the former, the freedom enjoyed by the latter.

Dr. Phelon gave a provocative discussion of the necessity of freedom in the development of human personality and showed that any attempt to cheat man of this God-given endowment causes necessarily a retrogression of culture and the deformation of the human being; how man is a social being not merely to receive but to give, to give freely of his love; how democracy can contribute to the development of man; and finally how the ecstatic love of God and our fellow men demanded by the virtue of charity has its counterpart in the will's natural desire for the good and the tendency of the will to love socially.

Closer Affiliation With Sister College Desired

Realizing the need for a closer affiliation between Assumption and its sister college, Holy Names, President Edward Fortier announced this week that plans to effect such an affiliation were to be considered by the Student Council.

The nature of this agitated affiliation, he declared, would be in the form of parties, tea dances, skating parties, etc., as well as various competitions—bridge tournaments and bowling meets. In the latter respect, of course, the competition would have to be confined to a level wherein both sexes could compete at a par.

Of course, this proposal has yet to be voted upon by the Council, and must have the consent of the faculties of the two colleges. If it should be approved, Fortier declared that he would contact Elizabeth Hall, Holy Names' Council president, so that plans could be completed.

"Can't Read" Says Adler



DR. MORTIMER ADLER

"Not a B.A. in a thousand can read," declared Mr. Adler early in his talk, attracting the attention of the capacity house which he addressed on the Lecture League program, Sunday, Feb. 4. By this the Thomistic philosopher explained that he meant that contemporary education was practically useless because the schools no longer taught the fundamental disciplines of the mind which are found in fine arts, logic, and rhetoric. The outstanding characteristics of the European tradition has been the discipline of the mind, he declared. Contemporary education, because of the infiltration of misapplied and over-emphasized psychology, as he explained more fully in Detroit, has so destroyed this tradition that it is practically nowhere to be found, and today, instead of enjoying the heritage of the Middle Ages which should be ours we are enveloped in an intellectual darkness rivalled only by that of the seventh century.

Reading, regardless of what may be thought nowadays to the contrary, is active, not passive, emphasized Mr. Adler. That is, if we read for understanding and not merely for information. Reading, he explained, is progressing from understanding less to understanding more by our own faculties.

Teachers, advised Mr. Adler, should be middle men between the great teachers, who will always live, and the students who are beginners. Read the great books and don't fool yourself about what you are doing, for if you aren't fatigued in an hour or so, you haven't been reading.

Read a book three times the first time you read it, said Mr. Adler, paradoxically. Read it, noting its structure, then interpretatively, and finally, critically. In time, like driving a car, you will be able to do all three processes at once. Book reviewers read a book critically the first time which has something to do with the reviews we are offered today.

Thought-provoking statements came from Mr. Adler's lips with great rapidity all during the evening. Without attempting to order them we present a few: "One of the great sins of mankind is the underestimation of the human mind." "The case against contemporary education is that its graduates are undertrained in the basic rudiments of the mind." "The Arts must be taught as fundamental processes of communicating knowledge." "The moral problem in reading is to keep one's self docile; to favor as St. Thomas did, studiosity rather than curiosity. Learn to a right end rather than to a vain end."

In Detroit, Mr. Adler emphasized the recent birth of psychology and pointed out that psychology is already losing

FAMOUS BAND LEADER WANTS SIGNS OF INTEREST

EVERY STUDENT MUST CO-OPERATE, SAYS
COUNCIL PRESIDENT FORTIER

Last week it was revealed that the Student Council had approached Fred Waring in an endeavor to garner for old Assumption a shiny new victory march. If you are radio-conscious you will be aware that on his Chesterfield program Mr. Waring occasionally pops up with a school song which he very generously donates to some venerable institution of learning. The only requisites he demands are that requesting college be in need of one, and that this need be evidenced by the interest shown by the student body.

Mr. Fortier has consented that we publish the letter received from Fred Waring, so that interest might be aroused.

Dear Mr. Fortier:

Thank you very much for your letter of October 26th expressing your interest in our writing a song for ASSUMPTION COLLEGE. Your letter was considerably delayed in reaching us and I am very sorry that it was not answered before this date.

At the present time our schedule is full, due to the tremendous number of requests that have been coming in from colleges all over the country and we have chosen requests based on the amount of interest shown by the student body.

However, if we can possibly arrange to work your college into our program, we will of course be glad to do so, and in the meantime you might send us some data for our files.

Sincerely,

(Signed) FRED WARING.

There is no doubt in the mind of most students that Assumption could use a good victory march. Last year's football season gave adequate testimony to the fact, for there is a very marked inability of the old song to arouse spirited clamorings. Waring's songs have a very definite animation that might tend to add some zest to Assumption sports events.

There is not only this factor to be considered, but there is also the consideration that a Waring composition would tend to advertise Assumption all over the United States, for each college song is first sung over the air, and is then sent to the requesting college.

Therefore it is the opinion of the Student Council that a Waring composition (Continued on page 4)

OFFICIAL COLLEGE BULLETIN FOR FEBRUARY

Mon., Feb. 12, 12:45 P.M.
Meeting of Editorial Staff of
The Ambassador, Room #217.
Mon., Feb. 12, 3:30 P.M.
Meeting of Editorial Staff of
The Ambassador, Room #217.
Mon., Feb. 12, 7:30 P.M.
Literary Society Meeting.
Tues., Feb. 13, 2:00 P.M.
Student Council Meeting.
Tues., Feb. 13, 6:45 P.M.
Catholic Action Club Meeting.
Wed., Feb. 14, 8:30 P.M.
Basketball (Assumption vs. Alumni).
Fri., Feb. 16, 9:00 A.M.
Student Assembly.
Fri., Feb. 16, 9:00 P.M.
Mission Society, Smoker.
Sat., Feb. 17, 8:30 P.M.
Basketball (O.A.C. Home).
Mon., Feb. 19, 3:30 P.M.
Adv. Staff of The Ambassador.
Tues., Feb. 20, 2:00 P.M.
Student Council.
Tues., Feb. 20, 7:30 P.M.
Sodality Meeting.
Fri., Feb. 23, 9:45 A.M.
Student Assembly.
Sun., Feb. 25, Evening
Most Rev. F. Kelley (Lecture
Vanity T.).
Sun., Feb. 25, 8:30 P.M.
Basketball (O.A.C. at home).
Mon., Feb. 26, 3:30 P.M.
Adv. Staff of The Ambassador.
Mon., Feb. 26, 7:30 P.M.
Literary Society Meeting.
Tues., Feb. 27, 2:00 P.M.
Student Council.
Tues., Feb. 27, 6:45 P.M.
Catholic Action Society Meeting.
Thurs., Feb. 29
All Copy to be in for Year Book.
Fri., March 1, 10:45 A.M.
Student Assembly.
Fri., March 1, 9:00 P.M.
Mission Society, Smoker.
Sat., March 2
Basketball, Detroit Tech, there.
A date for a skating party is being arranged for the month of February.
Bulletin for remainder of the year will appear in the next issue of the Purple and White.

LENTEN RESOLUTIONS

"Remember man that thou art dust, and unto dust thou shalt return." With these words the Church on last Wednesday ushered in the Holy Season of Lent. During this season the Church merely urges you to accept Christ's invitation to pick up your cross daily. She begs you to put off the glad rags, and don the robes of a penitent. Neither God nor Church will forcibly dress you that way. You're old enough to dress yourself. But be in style this Lent.

Most of the students will be in style this Lent, every day of it. You will honestly try to profit as much as you can from this season of penance. Here's how: Mass and Communion daily, faithful attendance at Benediction, Wednesdays, Fridays, Saturdays and Sundays. The Way of the Cross, Thursday at 11:30 A.M., a few extra visits and the Rosary. Also let us make the supreme effort to be on time for all Services.

If you have not started the 40-day dash already, get set tonight and when the gong strikes tomorrow, go! Run the race to the finish; if you fall, get up and start again. The joys of Easter await you at the finishing line; do not fail to complete the journey.

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"OUR CONSIDERATE LITTLE MEN"

We attended a dance not long ago. It was one of the smoothest and most enjoyable affairs we have attended in four years' stay at Assumption. We are sure that if you attended (and if you did you are in the minority, my lad) you did, too.

How could we miss? At this dance were about thirty of our intimates from Assumption who cajoled exactly twenty-six of their intimates into coming to hear one of Canada's better bands play at our private party. There is one thing about our dancing that was well adapted to this occasion; namely, that we require plenty of room for our pedal gyrations. Our good friends and fellow students who considered the movies more important on that evening of frivolity, saw to it that our pirouettes were unobstructed.

Of course, we are extremely grateful to these birds for their consideration. However, at the same time we are rather sorry for them, for these poor creatures not only missed an excellent time, but by their extreme consideration they, socially speaking, have helped to braid the rope which will later be their noose. Why? Simply because the absentees labor under the gross delusion that the Student Council has a roll of "that green stuff" big enough to cork the Detroit-Windsor tunnel flopping around in Ed. Fortier's mattress. We asked Pres. Fortier concerning this belief so current among the great majority of the student body, and his answer was emphatically negative. But before we left we examined the said mattress, and would you believe it, fellows! there was nothing in it but the old stuff common to all mattresses. So you see, our absentee friends, that there is something of a necessity of at least meeting expenses at dances, and strange as it may seem to your muddled minds, your purchase of a ticket would help defray the undesirable but ever present necessity. What we are trying to drive home is this: If you do not support Assumption's social activities, there will be none, for the Student Council operates on a current asset fund that would set up loose jinglings in a piggy-bank.

So what do you say, our "little men who weren't there," to the proposition that you stop being so overwhelmingly considerate for our dancing comfort, and rally to the support of the social program? No foolin', fellows, we like to be hanged in the metatarsal area, because every bang means two dollars, every two dollars means a cog in the wheel of bigger and better affairs, and bigger and better affairs redound to the prestige of Assumption.

THE BRIGHTER SIDE

The lamps have gone out all over Europe in a blackout that has enveloped with its eerie shadows even regions where war has not often had to be reckoned with. The houses of the Rhodes scholars are empty of students, away on a long, long vacation; empty dust-outlined blanks mark where Turners have come down from gallery walls to hide their beauty in sand-bagged cellars; and boards curtain off the West-End theatres. And why are these things worth noting here and calling to your attention? Because they are symbols of certain elements of our Western Civilization that is being threatened. And the fact that our civilization is being threatened is not a new note, but, no matter how many times it should be repeated, to many students it would seem to have no application to Assumption, or to their own particular college, wherever it may be.

But it has. If our civilization which started in Attica and has survived as a civilization and a culture down to our own years is now keeping and ever-loosening grasp on its very existence it is because of a neglect of principles. Does that strike home now? Why are we here if not to study the principles which lie behind this civilization of ours? And if we refuse to study them in any other than a half-hearted way, how can we expect to keep our heads in the turmoil about us, and be anything else than another brand for the burning.

When the radio brings the sound of bombs dropping on Helsinki, the description of the frozen army of the dead petrified in action at gun station and tank wheel, no 'little man and woman affair' as Aristophanes called it some time ago has much meaning. And behind this and everything in the world there are ideas. And it is our business here and now to equip ourselves with ideas and principles and to realize what is the world and what are its difficulties. Escape is easy now. Refusal to think; sloppy work; skipping lectures (yes, even that); inane laughter. But it is of prime importance that the world should not laugh to forget that it is going through throes of anguish but should meet those throes in full consciousness and grow up thus into the full stature of a man. The heights of spiritual greatness are not reached by escape, by laughing and forgetting, by boring onward in a dim-witted murk of oblivion, but by realization of the human, grand in its complexity, where the joys and sorrows, peace and war, death and beauty, all mix in the paen of song that is human civilization.

War is man killing man in wholesale self-destruction. It is jungle practice. If individuals were to pursue toward each other the same methods in settling their disputes that nations pursue, there would be no such thing as civilization. War is usually neither heroic nor patriotic. It is the trade of mass killing.

—The Ave Maria (July 8, 1939)

HOWDY, FOLKS!



"PERSONALITY PLUS"

"And now we come to the fillers. We'll have to throw some baloney on that last page there," said the editor. So we threw in Steve McManus, who is just about the finest baloney we could find. First of all, "Snugglywump" (as he is called by his friends in Port Stanley) was born in St. Thomas, Ontario, and everybody at Assumption knows St. Thomas like a book after having heard time, time, time, and time again, (Tempus just fugit all over the place) of the beauties of St. Thomas as related by Snuggly. He entered the first grade there and they had to burn down the school house to get him out of the eighth grade. "Gawsh, thet there teacher was shore 'purty!" he guffaws to this day. You see he acquired an appreciation for pulchritude at a tender age. After the fire he grew and grew until he was a great big boy and all ready to enter college. At length Mother McManus bundled up Snuggly in his new sailor suit and buster brown collar and sent him all the way down to Windsor. Then came the woe! day when Flatfoot bagged up the front steps and rang the front door bell of Assumption with such vigour that the bell was vibrated from the wall. Father Guinan rushed to the door and opened it. "YOU WHAT THEY CALL THE REGISTERER? I WANNA REGISTER. I'M McMANUS. I'M FROM ST. THOMAS. I'M THE BIG AMBASSADOR MAN. I'M NO D. A. BOY, AM I IT! WOW! All the pictures were blown off the walls and Assumption's classic walls quivered from the wind that just blew in from St. Thomas.

After this spectacular entrance Snuggly went through school minding everybody's business. One year he wanted to run for president of Assumption but those in authority thought he was a little too young for the job and told him to wait a few more years before starting a campaign. Upon the completion of his third year in "Philosophy" he met misfortune. It seems that he woke up with paralysis of the throat one morning and had a nervous breakdown as a result of not being able to talk. And so Assumption rested easily for a few years. There was no more need of carrying tornado insurance and Father Killoran clapped his hands in glee.

In her seventieth anniversary year Assumption was informed that Snuggly was coming back. "Black-out, boys!" cried Father Guinan, "the St. Thomas terror is on his way back!" And he did come back to become Business Manager of The Ambassador.

Seriously, however, Steve is a great fellow and has probably one of the cheeriest dispositions at Assumption. At playing pranks and cracking wise, he is a past master. The best part of him is his ability to take back what he so generously gives out — horseplay. And we do hope he will take this little sketch of himself in the right spirit.

LETTERBOX

FROM THE INSIDE

Editor Purple and White, Assumption College.

Dear Mr. Editor:

It's high time that you should know us as we really are, so as a beginning, may we present to you our conception of the H.N.C. "contributors to the Purple and White."

At the beginning of last semester, when the question of our writing for the Purple and White this year was raised, the enthusiastic Student Body with almost one accord, agreed that of course we must contribute — it would stimulate school spirit, and everyone

SEMESTERLY STATEMENT OF POLICY

It is with the air of public penitents that we write. Last semester, in the first of our three editions, we informed our reading public that the PURPLE AND WHITE was to be published every two weeks. We admit our sin. We told a fib.

Believe us when we say that our sin was one arising from the ambition that floats on the oils of journalistic ignorance. We did not know it was so difficult to raise the required quota of news; we did not know it was so difficult to uncover willing and enthusiastic correspondents. We hope that you will understand, that you will forgive, and that you will read the communication in the LETTER-BOX!

"... as you like it ..."

By THE CYNIC

The recent lecture delivered by Mortimer J. Adler at the Assumption College Christian Culture Series has provoked probably more attention and discussion by faculty and students than any other lecture of this season. Adler's utopian plan is an excellent one and his declaration that half the people of America do not "think" is a thought that makes us think at the present moment. "What am I going to get out of a college education? What good is it going to do me and how many credits will I be able to accumulate?" Such are but a few of the questions asked by prospective students in every university in the United States and Canada every fall semester. The student guide will then display the institution's syllabus and together they will proceed to determine what electives in a snap course are best suited to the student's needs. This procedure is deplorable and nine times out of ten the classics and liberal arts are completely hurled from the course of study so prescribed. Non-essentials are stressed to the point of absurdity and as far as actual learning is concerned, there is little or none. The students are packed into a lecture hall and the mass production of facts are taken down in note form. There is no thinking on the part of the student. The teachers in some of our larger universities are almost always those who refuse to acknowledge the fact that their students are not merely a congregation of automata ready to submit to their so-called "psychological" applications, theories, etc. They are rational creatures with full capabilities for reasoning and thinking. The greatest difficulty lies in the fact that they are not permitted to utilize these faculties.

One of the greatest evils in modern education is the false idea that the primary purpose of education is to inculcate into the minds of students a sense of democracy. This is either a bad case of flag waving or crass ignorance. Such an idea debases the primary purpose for which education was intended and leads rather to Fascism and Communism rather than to democracy. Let students be taught truth and how to think and democracy will look after itself. Adler implied that. What universities should do and what they do not do is to teach people to "think"; to make use of their potential intellectual powers. "People do not know how to read," lamented Mr. Adler. He said that they are quite able to read the daily press and the current magazines but when it comes to thoroughly comprehending a great work of St. Thomas or a similar author, they are mental cripples. We often wonder why we cannot read St. Thomas and understand him thoroughly. The reason lies in the fact that we have not been trained to think — trained to read. We have subjected ourselves to a passive state in regard to learning. No effort is put forth to reason things in the light of truth. We study Logic. But what do we know when we finish the course? All that we learn is the definition of Logic which is drummed into us and a few terms with thirty-five cent words which we do not understand and we call ourselves Logicians. The motion picture theatre is to blame as well. It is nothing more than a "mental flop-house" where the faculties of thought lie dormant. These among other things tend to deaden the intellectual powers. It follows then that the urgent need at the present time is a complete reformation of the educational system. The psychologist Hutchins prescribes a general education, not the education of vocationalism and professionalism but a complete general education which will give to the student a solid knowledge of the foundations of the intellectual disciplines and some understanding of the rational animal and of what connects man with man. It would be far better that if after graduation a student knew how to think and how to read than to know what the definition of Logic was and at the same time not know how to use Logic.

In spite of both Adler's and Hutchins' plans such a general education which they prescribe will never come into vogue. Hutchins admits that himself. Why? Because no educator will attempt to teach in any other way than that in which he has been taught and so the factual system will continue and this brings us back right where we started from. It is a strange thing. We know what is best for us but we always "backwater" when it comes to putting into practise what is best for us.

would be willing to work — if you could call it work!

So — we held elections, and appointed an editorial staff; unhappy victims of their own "popularity!"

And then — came, not the revolution, but a period of lethargy unbelievable in people so full of school spirit as we profess to be.

When a report (a false one by the way) was noised abroad that the Assumption editorial staff was to visit H.N.C., to outline to us what we were expected to contribute to the paper, amazingly great was the number of students who declared themselves in some way or another connected with the Purple and White — from assistants to the assistant editor down to the sub-sub-reporters.

But, when the report (and this time a true one) was spread that contributions for the Purple and White were required, amazingly small was the number of members remaining on our editorial staff — and sad to relate, they were all suffering from a severe lack of ideas — or shall we tell the truth,

though it hurts, and say a lack of interest?

The result? — Perhaps you have guessed it. The work fell to the lot of a few who, shouldering similar burdens in the past, had already taken on themselves more work than they could well accomplish. And these few, let it be clearly understood, were not those who had so proudly declared themselves "members of the editorial staff," but others whose innate sense of loyalty would not let them see the school "let down" by its unworthier students. The same is true of most H.N.C. social functions — a few do all the work, while the others sit on the sidelines, trying to derive a maximum of enjoyment with a minimum of exertion.

It is true, this denunciation applies to only certain members of our student body, but while such members maintain their present attitude, the progress of their school toward the collegiate atmosphere for which they loudly clamor, will be painful and oh, so slow!

"INDIGNANT"

QUINTET ENTERS CITY LOOP

SPORTSLANTS

AS RAIDERS TOOK FERRIS

Alumni Will Provide Galaxy of Old Stars

At this writing the Assumption Cagers have won six games and lost 10. After tripping the Assumption Grads, 32-31, the Purple Raiders ran smack into the University of Detroit Titan Five. The defeat at the hands of the Brazilians, 67-40, was the first of a five-game losing streak. Following the U. of D. tilt, Assumption journeyed to Toledo for their meeting with DeSales, the Sailors emerging on the long end of a 54-37 count. Then came the trip to Cleveland where the Purples dropped two contests, 50-38 and 39-31, to Dyke School of Commerce and Fenn College respectively.

Up to this time, Coach Shada's boys looked anything but good. The next game showed an extreme reversal of form, but because of a lack of reserve players, they went down to defeat to Lawrence Tech in the last few minutes in a close affair, 36-32. Detroit Tech was a tonic to the Purple system and the latter snapped out of their lethargy as they looked like a real club, upsetting a team which had lost but one game in 17 contests, 37-30.

But around came "that man" again; it was none other than Coach Al Sacksteder and his fondlings, the DeSales Sailors. Let's mention the score of that game and then just forget the whole affair. It was 65-53; the winner was, "guess who?" Following this one, were two victories over Ontario Agricultural College and Dyke, and then two defeats at the hands of St. Mary's and Calvin. The Michigan trip, however, had its pleasant aspect — a rousing win over the Ferris Bulldogs, 61-33. Assumption was an easy victim for Lawrence Tech who humbled the Purple 37-23, and for the U. of Toronto, the victors in a 55-41 battle. In both these contests, the Raiders came back strong in the second half but the threats were of little consequence as the bids were only too late to do any good. (Suggestion to Mr. Shada: How about a pre-game instead of a mid-game "pep talk." It might work). There is no doubt in anybody's mind that the locals have improved but there are 40 and not only 20 minutes in a basketball game.

Why the Art's men do not use the gym is a problem which confronts this department. We are supposed to take part in P. T. but none is provided for the Art students. Of course we have intramural basketball but everyone is not a basketball player. We suggest that a plain ordinary gym class be organized and conducted as such. About all that some Arts men do is sit around in their chairs and smoke their pipes and cigarettes. Why not utilize what we do have in the gym and maybe if enough enthusiasm is shown we may get some more equipment.

Has basketball at Assumption College hit a snag, has its teams decreased in strength, has the basketball spirit decreased due to the importance placed on football, or what is the answer? When Assumption had some good teams in basketball, they were weak in football, but now the situation has been reversed. In the past few years the opposition facing Assumption has increased its strength in athletics whereas Assumption has been at a standstill. The remedy for this situation is not an easy one, or is it going to be solved in a short time. A suitable answer is not apparent but we hope that one will be found in the future.

The work of Joe Slovisky, "Bitz" Alex, and one of the newest arrivals, Walter Mahaffey, is gratifying. Joe is not a flashy player but is always in there when the going gets tough. He is very good at taking rebounds off of the boards. "Littleman" Alex is never out of the game until he has four personal fouls on him. Walt Mahaffey is a very able passer and possesses a fine eye from the foul circle or the corners. These three boys have been giving a grand showing in the last few games.

Final Plans Are Made For Intramural Sports

For the first time in centuries, and if the water remains in a non-fluid state, the campus will soon resound to the clatter of broken shins, cracked skulls, smarting pants, et cetera, et cetera. For with the advent of the Faculty (stars!) Fathers Harrison, Young and Mallon, the tentative teams now number five. They are the Freshmen, Philosophers, Day-Hops, Scholastics and Faculty.

Considering the two practice games already played (which, incidentally, the Philosophers have won from the Freshmen and Scholastic) the sudden-death series, as planned by Coach Ed. Fortier, portends to be filled with goaty savagery.

It will be advantageous to see that the Infirmary is well stocked with a sufficient supply of bandages and splints. Further notices will appear on the bulletin boards.

When February comes intramural basketball can't be far behind. This is the feeling which pervades these illustrious halls (as well as the day-scholars, smoky smoker) as soon as exams are finished and the wounded have been removed. After it has been determined what students are to continue their quest for (something?) and which ones will seek explanations as to why their summer vacation begins in January, then the remaining seekers begin to ferret out all those athletes who thought that the Varsity didn't provide enough competition. The general conception of intramural basketball is that it merely provides an opportunity to show our animal instincts. The more elbows and knees they can muster the better. But let us hope that those who hold such ideas will remember that intramural sports merely provides an opportunity for those not connected with the Varsity, to engage in an athletic event where good sportsman-

ship can be fostered as well as the good effects of legitimate competition. Of course, there are always a minority who complain about the set-up but this is only natural. We just try to be polite to these people and cater to their childish instincts, which seem altogether too prevalent. With the co-operation of everyone this tournament should be a success and it should add to our well-being as a whole.

Having philosophized, a little more than necessary, we list the following teams with their coaches or captains. Beginning with the boarders there is Red Hussey and his "Faculty Giants." Following in order comes Coach E. Suscinski's "Philosophers," Coach Bitsy Alex and his "Bambinoes," Coach Bob Long with his Freshmen "Tankers" and their rivals, Plante and William's "Hybrids."

On the other side of the fence are Capt. Bob Lewis's "Go Getters," Capt. Ed. Westfall's "Internationals" and Lyle Gray's "Unknowns."

The various team line-ups will be placed on the bulletin boards for inspection, followed by the schedule. The winner of this tournament is presented a cup for a period of a year and the team members are each given a trophy. Besides representing Assumption's elite in the realm of sports, the winners will also be expected to provide Coach Johnny Shada with inspiration for the season beginning next December.

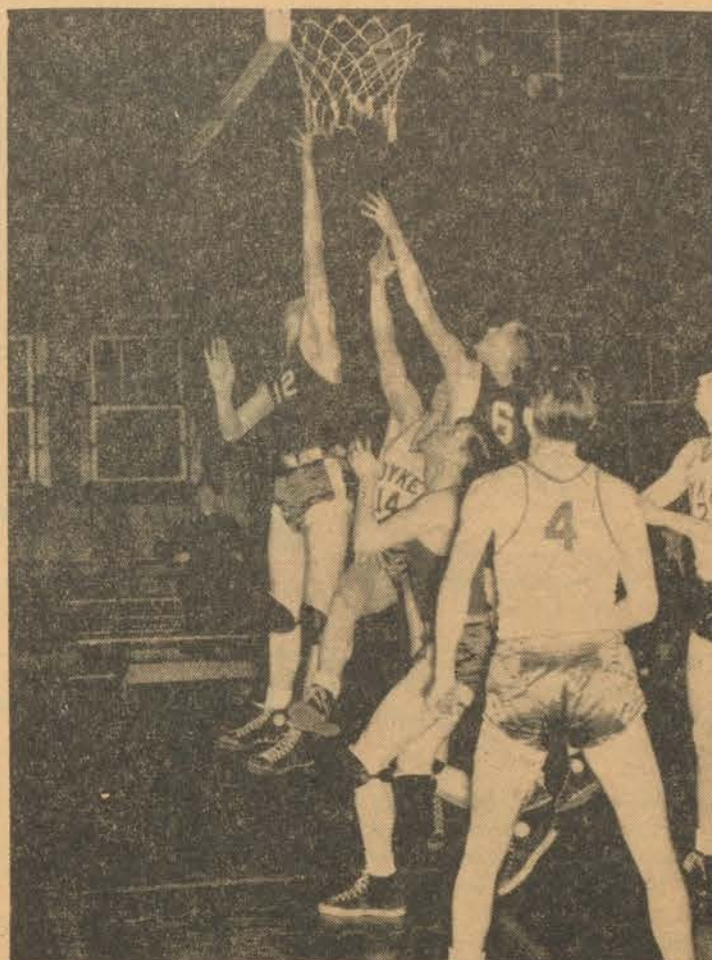
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Seen above are Raiders Slovisky and Ryan showing the form that makes them the two of the most outstanding of this year's quintet.

Toronto Hits Peak as Raiders Lose 55-41

On Friday, February 9, the hapless Purples were handed a beating by the University of Toronto Cagers, 55-41, before a small crowd. If ever there was a game that the Purples wanted this was it. The Raiders gave all they had, but only in a very belated second half bid.

Assumption's shooting in the first half, except that of Slovisky and Ryan, was anything but good; in fact at the halfway point the Blues had jumped off to a 30-14 lead and from then on the game was history.

Joe Ryan and Joe Slovisky again set the pace in the second half but the Blues managed to maintain their 14-point lead till the final whistle. "Chick" Mahoney of Varsity did some smooth ball handling while "Bitz" Alex didn't fare so badly in the Purple offense.

High scorers for the night were Jack La Varnway, one of Warren Stevens' speed merchants, and Assumption's own pride and joy, Joe Slovisky. Both lads bagged eight field goals and one foul toss for a fair night's work of 17 points. Joe Ryan of Assumption was next in line with 14 and "Red" Cahill closely followed with 13.

One of the finest jobs of whistle-tooting at the Assumption gym this year was turned in by none other than "Willie" Rogin, who was the big gun when the Purples were winning M-O championships and Ontario basketball honours.

TORONTO			
	F.G.	F.	T.
Mahoney, f.	5	0	10
La Varnway, f.	8	1	17
Finlayson, c.	0	0	0
Axon, l.g.	1	0	2
Cahill, r.g.	6	1	13
Minehan	3	1	7
Roberts	1	0	2
Singer	2	0	4
	26	3	55

ASSUMPTION			
	F.G.	F.	T.
Alex	3	0	6
Ryan	7	0	14
Slovisky	8	1	17
Mahaffy	1	0	2
Durocher	0	0	0
McNamara	0	2	2
Peartree	0	0	0
Greenway	0	0	0
	19	3	41

Referee: Will Rogin (Sarnia).
Score at half: U. of T. 30; Assumpt. 14.

CLOTHES

MADE NEW AGAIN

QUALITY CLEANERS

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Raiders Top Ferris Bulldogs 53-49

The Assumption Purple Raiders came through with its sixth win of the season, Saturday last, and its second M-O conference game over Ferris Institute of Big Rapids, Mich., 53-49. It was the second defeat for the Bulldogs at the hands of the Purples; Ferris is in the cellar of the league standings with not a single win to its credit.

Exactly 17 minutes had gone by the board before the Purples could take the lead away from a quintet, which they had humbled earlier in the season, 61-33. Ferris looked much better in this contest and took the play completely away from the Raiders until the last three minutes of play when Assumption jumped out in front, 19-18. It was the first time that the locals set the pace. At the halfway mark the lead was increased to 24-19. The rear guard looked exceptionally well in those last five minutes of the first half, limiting the rival aspirants to but two foul tosses.

When four minutes of the last 20 had been played, the Big Rapids hopefuls regained their lead and it was a seesaw battle from here on in. In the second half the lead changed hands no less than 10 times with Brow of Ferris and Slovisky of Assumption contributing will to the cause. Just before the final whistle, Jim McNamara flipped in a neat one-hand toss to put the game on ice for Shada's men, 53-49.

Bitz Alex, the remarkably accurate foul-tosser in the Assumption machine, paced both teams with five field goals and eight out of 10 shots from the foul line for a total of 18 points. Slovisky, Mahaffy and McNamara shared also in the scoring spree. Brown with 16 points was the best for the Bulldogs; Ballantine and Jones followed suit with 13 and 10 respectively.

DIANA GRILL

565 Ouellette Ave.

FINE FOODS

Leave a "BOOSTER" CARD

THE NEW CHOCOLATE SENSATION



From the Bleachers by Bud Gannon

The Ramblers' climb up the ladder of success, which would have eventually led to a WOSSA championship, seems to have been stopped, so to speak, by a broken rung. The shattered step in this ladder seems to be Kennedy Collegiate. Friday evening, Feb. 9th, they turned back Assumption's bid for second place with a score of 31-25.

Davis, the tallest man on the squad, played a fine game, but his lack of experience showed up against his taller opponents. Beasette missed his quota of dog shots and MacPherson, hampered by a couple of injured ribs, was far from his old self. Pleasence, Gallagher and Kennedy played a heads up ball game, and Snyder, who replaced Davis in the third quarter, dropped in a beautiful long shot from out near the center line.

A.C. LEADS HOCKEY LEAGUE

As far as hockey is concerned Assumption is in the groove. They are definitely out in front. With their record unsullied by defeat, they are ready to step into the finals and show friends and foes alike that they have a team of champions. Tight games are their favorite dish and they have beaten the majority of their opposition by a goal that has been made in the last few minutes of play. It's a top rate team and congratulations are due.

MINIM BASKETBALL

Though not classed as an important club, nevertheless the Minims All-Star team is of great interest to the students of Assumption. It's a team composed of "The Not So Goods," and "The Corners." Fr. Armstrong calls it a farm team, and Mr. O'Reilly claims it's a class "A" team. But kicks or no kicks, it's a scrappy bunch of fellows who give all they have for the pure love of the game. A few outstanding members of this great team are: "Burhead" Lloyd, "Fat Boy" Larrow, Herb Delaney, Hank Pyser, Fred "Ann Arbor" Case, "Little Ed" Boyle and "Dago Joe" Geewizy (what a name).

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We understand the L. J. Gasser of Gerrard, Ohio, has been given the nickname of "Shadow." Please enlighten us, Lou, or could Big Bill tell us?

Lou Merlo, Assumption's self-appointed Sherlock Holmes, should not leave behind a trace of his activities. We are afraid that Lou is in for trouble.

For some unknown reason a very close friendship has suddenly arisen between Edward C. Fortier and Bernard Bilitske. Could it be a mutual attraction at the other end — or birds of a feather —? Be careful, Bernie!

Nick O'Neill tells us that the Bar Harbour Flash (population 104 souls), Richard Stanton Parker, after four months is still looking for the Canadian Indians. Have patience Richard.

Not until exemplified by Monte Nigro did we realize that men take very serious their "Leap Year." For a month and a half now Monte has had his social life either unaccompanied or with Big Bill, which of course make a difference.

The Librarian tells me that if the "tete a tete" boys, Lewis and Stephani, do not cease, he will be forced to do some necessary ejecting.

It is certainly gratifying to learn that there are eight of the thirty students on the Freshmen Flat who believe in supporting College activities. Maybe your example will bear fruit for further occasions.

Archie Langan claims that you can not trust any of the students around here when one is out of town. Even yours truly, who attempted to "pinch-hit" for Archie not so long ago, now finds himself in the well-known dog-house. Such a lovely acquaintance, too.

Two of the College's foremost gents, Baillargeon and Dubensky, received the results of their examinations in such a serious mood that they immediately relieved themselves of all shades blow the lip. Too bad after such careful cultivation.

Word comes that if Charlie Clark does not use a little more discretion, he will be forced to terminate a long-cherished friendship.

About the most excited person previous to the Senior Prom was Cheboygan's Bernie Bilitske. Perhaps it was because of the five valets who feverishly worked to "fit" Bernard to the situation. By dance time Bernard claims he lost ten pounds and swore "never again."

It is a pity that the individual is not able to cast aside his own personal wants in preference to the mass populace. Must we always have things done in our own "significant ways" or are we going to realize the presence of our fellow students?

Bill Ennest of Minden City wonders how long he will have to wait until he has some More — and.

Since "Dickie" Farrell moved from the Philosopher's Flat to the Pup Flat, Jack Keenan has certainly been worried. Never mind, Bucko, but we warn you to be on your guard.

Our illustrious Seniors have adopted a new theme song titled, "The Crowd That Wasn't There." Pardon me while I make my exit.

About the most changed man on the Philosopher's Flat is none other than our good mail-carrier, Nick. With good results from the examinations we wonder what is the real reason. Anyway we are proud of our Nickie.

Brother Orchid is Recuscitated at H. N.

Assumption Players Make Fine Showing "On the Road"



ASSUMPTION PLAYERS MAKE FINE SHOWING "ON THE ROAD"

Frosh Angles

Your correspondent was glad to see that you all got through the exams so well — that is the right way to do things, fellows! Now that they are over let us hope and pray to see some activity around Assumption.

This freshman at least expected to see something done about the College hockey team this winter. Things started out well, at least in good Assumption style by having a meeting and someone doing a lot of talking. However, when the time came for a little action out yonder on the rink, I did not see so much. Why does this always happen at Assumption? Are there only two sports at this school? Would it be impossible to have a hockey team at our school? NO, the only reason that can be given is that none of the upperclassmen want to give those who are trying to give this school something, (the frosh), any help!

The Cynic (as he terms himself) falsely took the Students' Council for a ride in the last issue. The Council is doing its best, and that is doing more than any other bunch of upperclassmen around here. Why does this again happen here? The probable and most reasonable answer is that the person in question possibly can't stand to see so much activity around Assumption. Sure, ideas have flopped, but the cause of the failure is that the Students' Council doesn't get support from the upperclassmen in any activity, and then some people can write such stuff as that and expect to pass it off as a joke!

Fred Waring May Compose Assumption Victory Song

(Continued from page 1)

sition would add immeasurably to the prestige of Assumption. This opinion, they are sure, is shared by every student enrolled in the college.

Concerning the exact nature of the interest students are expected to take was not explained by Mr. Fortier. It is supposed that this expected interest will take the form of letters written by each student to Mr. Waring urging that Assumption be considered. On his part, Pres. Fortier is gathering all the necessary material that the generous orchestra leader would desire.

Of course, there is a difficulty to be surmounted. Since Fred Waring is sponsored by the Chesterfield cigarette, the whole purpose of the offer is to advertise their products, and since there is no market for Chesterfields in Canada, there might be a difficulty in securing a song for a Canadian school. Fortier has suggested that when plans are completed for manifesting student interest, it could be stressed that Assumption is very near Detroit, that almost half of the enrolled students are Americans, and therefore a good market exists both in the student body and the vicinity.

All students are requested to watch the bulletin boards for further developments.

SEE
A. KORNIK
FOR SATISFACTORY
SHOE REPAIRING
3189 SANDWICH ST. W.

Glints and Gleams

from H.N.C.

Question of the day:—How to re-decorate the kitchenette — answer: sketch a mural of each of our gracious Seniors—eventually it will be H.N.C.'s Hall of Fame.

Varied styles were exhibited at equally varied hours in and about the kitchenette during exam week. We now know how some of our esteemed Seniors wear their curlers — one followed the Topsy mode while another usually forgot hers altogether — Ah, the trials of examinations!

Laurendeau Hall was the scene of merry activity and friendly chattering when — Crash! bang! splash! — an interruption! Was it a volcano? Oh, no, just our petite sophomore doing her daily calisthenics in the center of the room. What could have caused such a catastrophe — that's right — you're wrong — it was a slippery little olive that had escaped the relish dish during the serving.

The mystery of the boarders' activities has been solved by the day-scholars who sojourned here during exam-weeks. They decided that the boarders aren't snobbish at all and the latter are agreed that the transients make jolly room-mates. They explored and invaded the realms of the Social Hall, badminton court, skating rink and the most popular rendezvous—the kitchenette, where else could you give a rush order for ham and eggs and be served a full course chicken dinner? — By the way, they came to study!

The School Paper is a great invention — the school gets all the fame, the printers get the money and the staff gets all the blame.

The College unanimously agrees that our worthy president merits an elevator key, after the wonderful work she did on the evening of "Brother Orchid." Not one Assumptionite had to exert his weary self to climb upstairs.

Elaine Charters was affected by the performance of Brother Orchid. She is going in for a new racket. The business is to do things for you — take your pills for you, eat for you, and as a specialty, sleep for you. Is homework included in that category?

They say College students must learn to take it! Well, let's show we can take it — even when our ego is deflated by the frank statement that we do not yet know how to read! The Masters will teach us, so they say, but we still prefer the professor.

The bane of our student life — the Bus Problem! It needs no exercise in concentration a la Gregory Crowley to imagine the embarrassment of our whole student body when we entered the classic halls of Assumption College fifteen minutes after the appointed time and so interrupted the inspiring lecture of the noted Dr. Phelan, president of the Institute of Medieval Studies, Toronto, Ontario.

The very pointed remark at the close of the talk that future lectures start at 4:00 o'clock sharp, we'll pass on to the Bus — perhaps that announcement will have some effect!

"THE PLAY'S THE THING"

An expectant crowd thronged the auditorium Monday night — and what were they expecting? A marvelous production entitled "Brother Orchid." From the ringing applause and the multitude of favorable comments, we can be assured that the audience was given what it sought. Yes, "Brother Orchid" was a big success. To Mr. Crowley and Mr. Campbell — orchids; also to the staff for their clever work in making everything run smoothly. The cast put everything into the acting of their specific parts and displayed to the public a memorable drama. Their performance of last Monday proves their ability to continue this work and give us more of such high type of entertainment.

the previous performances.

The audience, as we have said, was large and over-enthusiastic. But it enjoyed the show, got its money's worth, made the evening a success, and went home satisfied.

Hats off to the Assumption Players. Your performances of "Journey's End" and "Brother Orchid" were greatly appreciated. Let's see something else soon.

RAY SEGUIN

Formerly Manager of
JAY'S MEN'S WEAR.

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SAT., FEB. 24,

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A
HAPPY
EASTER

ASSUMPTION COLLEGE

WINDSOR, ONTARIO

TUESDAY, MARCH 19, 1940

Robert Speaight Lectures on Shakespeare

NOTED ACTOR AND LECTURER
VISITS LECTURE LEAGUE

The words of Mortimer Adler, "The people of today cannot read," were repeated Sunday evening with a slightly different meaning by Robert Speaight, noted English actor and lecturer on Shakespeare at Notre Dame University.

Mr. Speaight was the twelfth speaker on this year's program of The Christian Culture Series. His topic was "Shakespeare and his relation to English life and ideas." He brought out how Shakespeare's writings gave definite evidence of the influence of his own home life. He illustrated his point by readings of such characters as "Lear," "Mecutio," and "Puck," who, although they are supposedly characters of a far different type of society than that which existed in Elizabethan England, nevertheless showed in their words and actions that their author was very much influenced by that period. He went on to say that especially the comic characters in Shakespearean plays are modeled after the people who surrounded Shakespeare throughout his life, the humorous but definitely English country folk.

Mr. Speaight also said that Shakespeare's works are impregnated with a Catholic Culture, that is, whereas he himself was not of the Catholic faith, the civilized world of his time was still motivated by Christian moral principles, and therefore we find that he has a loathing for avarice and ingratitude, that he scorns usury, that he punishes vices and exalts virtues, and that he has a very keen understanding of human nature.

The question of reading was brought up at an informal discussion held after the lecture in Father Lee's "sanctum."

Mr. Laughlin Campbell, of the English Department, asked Mr. Speaight if he could account for the distaste on the part of the student for the study of Shakespeare in colleges and high schools. He replied that he thought that it was due to the fact that the students of today could not read properly; that is, they cannot read poetry. He went on to explain that either too much stress was put on the rhyme scheme to the detriment of the meaning; or the stress was put on the meaning, thus rendering the poem nothing more than a piece of oddly written prose.

Mr. Speaight was then asked what he thought of the method used in teaching poetry. His answer, due to the presence of over half of the English staff, was rather evasive, but he did say that he thought that the tracing of every line of every character to a definite source was a useless task. He held that the best method of teaching Shakespeare was to teach the student to read correctly.

H. N. C. Thespians Will Rival Players

"THE HOUR-GLASS" WILL BE
POST-EASTER DRAMATIC
ATTEMPT

The spirit of good natured rivalry burns high at H.N.C. these days, for the girls are planning to present, shortly after Easter, two plays in which they hope to prove that H.N.C. girls have just as much dramatic ability as Assumptionites.

Rehearsals are already under way for "The Hour Glass," a morality play by Yeats. By the end of the week, practices of the Easter pageant are expected to be in full swing. A special feature of this pageant will be an operetta sung by the high school girls.

Both plays are being staged under the capable direction of Mr. Gregory Crawley. Mr. Robert Connor will manage the technical features of the production.

HOMEWARD BOUND

Life, after all, is only a pilgrimage. When a man is journeying home he doesn't care very much what the road is like — his thoughts are full of the home he is going to, of the words he will hear, the faces he will see, the welcome he will receive. So do you keep your heart fixed on heaven.

(May '39)

Sebastian Bowden in the Cross.

S. Council Prepares for Class Election

According to the Constitution, which is slowly being completed, a more perfect student government has been mapped out. The plan proposed is that the council proper—the President, Vice-President, and class presidents—will together form the executive cabinet of the Students' Legislative Assembly. Then the President of each student organization will be joined, and together with the council will make up the Students' Legislature.

In the future all major issues and problems will be dealt with and voted on by the legislature; this same body will also make appointments.

By such an organization it is hoped that a larger cross-section of students will be represented and thus produce a more efficient government.

The executive cabinet will execute all laws and regulations made by the legislature and will have many special powers.

Realizing that to have such a legislature and executive cabinet work in its most efficient manner, it is logical to say that only the best men possible should hold positions in either of those bodies. Laxity on the part of any members will inevitably result in the decline of a particular activity.

With that in mind College men should consider seriously the importance of good nominations; it should be kept in mind that those nominated should be anxious to work for the betterment of the College as a whole, he should be sincere in his actions, he should show considerable initiative, he should be a good student, and most important of all his reputation as a good, clean living man should be beyond reproach.

Nominations for the Students' Council will in all probability be held the first Friday in April.

Elections will this year be held the day before the annual Arts Banquet, which will be held during the week beginning with April 14th, the results being announced, as usual, the night of the banquet.

Elector lists are to be compiled and put at the disposal of the students before the day of nominations.

A President and Vice-president will be elected from each, the president of the various groups being taken into the legislature. Immediately after these elections a joint meeting of the old and new councils and legislature will be held, and definite plans and recommendations will be drawn up for the coming year.

Sodality Announces Tentative May Plans

Plans for the Annual Sodality Rally, thus far, have progressed scarcely to the "larva" stage. But a few signs of spring and a Sodality Rally are already visible.

As heretofore, no doubt, the whole student body, Arts and High School, will cooperate on the May Day, which, present indications persisting, will be held on either May 12 or May 19. The regular sodalists (presumably the "sal terrae" of Assumption boarders) though proportionately tiny in comparison with—the non— and lapsed Sodality, will eagerly assume the brunt of the burden in the rallying of many rallyers.

The central C. Y. O. committee for Windsor parishes has decided to amalgamate all C. Y. O. groups with Assumption's sodalities for the May Day celebration. Father Daniel Lord, S.J., has been invited to address all assembled. If he cannot come, some other internationally known priest will be the speaker for the occasion.

The May Day rally here was initiated by the late beloved Father Bellisle. And we gladly continue the custom in his memory and in honour of the Blessed Virgin, Patroness of Assumption College.

An atheist is one who has no invisible means of support.—Sir Willmott Lewis quoted in *Salve Regina* (April '39).

Well-bred people come to Mass on time, or a little early. They stay until the priest has left the sanctuary at the end of Mass.—*Catholic Digest* (Dec. '39).

HOLY NAMES COLLEGE MAKES PLANS FOR FIFTH ANNUAL PROM

Elaborate Preparations Being
Made for April 5th Event;
Benny Palmer Will Provide Music

The Holy Names Social Hall is decorated with many posters these last few days. And why? You've guessed it. They're announcing the Fifth Annual College Prom. The whole college is in a state of turmoil and anxiety; rushing down to the printers for tickets and invitations; whisking about the city for decorations; contacting orchestra leaders to obtain the best for our patrons.



Mary Kehoe and Elizabeth Hall are shown above as they met recently to plan for the H. N. Prom.

"Ambassador" Will Make Debut, April 19

ASSUMPTION'S BIGGEST AND
BEST HAS MANY OUT-
STANDING FEATURES

This year's publication of the Ambassador is the second of its nature in the history of our college. After long and laborious hours by the very capable editor, Richard Farrell, and his staff, the year-book has been prepared and is ready for publication in the near future.

The Year Book this year makes history in the color combinations which are employed. It will be in two colors, maroon and gold, a radical departure from the traditional purple and white colors used previously. Assumption becomes one of the first colleges in Canada to adopt the new "filled" or "padded" type covers stamped with gold lettering. It is handsomely bound in maroon fabric. These changes in cover and coloring add the needed spark to make this book a success.

This year is of special significance being the 70th Anniversary of Assumption College. Being such, this book contains a complete history of this college from 1870 until 1940. The history of the college is illustrated with pen and ink sketches. There is also a section of new campus scenes. Through the cooperation of the students the Year Book is able to devote a complete section to candid camera shots. Besides these special features there is also included sections on sports, alumni, graduates, students' council and others. The individual portraits are a drawing feature. All told there are ten sections in this very well planned and successful book.

The editor and staff of the Ambassador are happy to announce that this book will be released for sale on April 19th.

Those who come to Lakewood on April 5th will be overwhelmed by the splendor of the decorations. The committee has not yet definitely decided the decoration scheme, but it's going to be silhouettes or something just as unique, and, of course, the whole theme will be in purple and white.

Another surprise for you! In answer to many requests, the dance committee obtained the same orchestra as that which played last year. Benny Palmer was so satisfactory to everybody that he was the unanimous vote for the nineteen-forty prom.

Oh! here it comes, boys, here's the break! Yes, it's a Roundabout and honestly you'll be so thrilled, it will last you until next year when again the annual prom will come about. Strong men are quivering, little men are quivering (only in bigger quivers) waiting for the time to come. Now, remember, boys and girls—Place, Lakewood Country Club; Time, April 5, 1940; Orchestra, Benny Palmer's; Type, Roundabout!

Assumption to Have College Sweaters

At a recent Assembly of all the Arts men a proposition was mentioned by the council whereby an official college sweater would be adopted and available to no one but students registered in the college department of the College. This idea was received with much enthusiasm, with the result that negotiations were immediately begun to obtain the desired information in regards to the type of sweater suitable, colour scheme, monogram, and price.

Several local firms are bidding for the contract and in a very short time all available information will have been received and orders will be taken. The college sweater, as proposed so far, will be in a coat style, collarless, of medium weight wool, plain white with a six-inch monogram. The monogram will consist of a purple block "A" with the college crest and motto mounted on it.

Annual Oratorical Contest to be Held 2nd Week in April

EXPECTED PARTICIPANTS ARE
ASKED TO REGISTER

The Oratorical Contest which is annually sponsored by the St. Basil's Literary Society, will be held this year in the second week of April. The contest is expected to climax, not a banner year for such have not been seen at Assumption since Father MacDonald left the rhetorical presidency, but at least a successful year. The bi-weekly meetings have given the college men the opportunity to organize any talent rhetorical which they brought to College with them, and the number of entries... close to twenty... speaks well of the followers of oratory. The grand prize of twenty-five dollars (\$25.00) is useful machinery in uncovering the talent which is present but passively during the year.

Last year's winner, Jim Malloy, will again be a promising candidate and he must needs muster all his rhetorical P's and Q's if he has to lead the way again, for the opposition will top notch last year's by a wide margin. Whenever Don MacAlpine's name is read on an announcement the contestants of whatever contest intellectual it may be would be aptly advised to redouble their efforts. And the Messrs. Begole who confounded an entire Student Assembly with their oral harangues might smooth off the rough edges on their verbiage and give a prize-winning account of themselves.

The rules of the contest are not formal but as usual the speaker must write his own speech... memorized speeches of the "F.D.R." variety, poetic declarations, or reasonable facsimiles are strictly taboo. The judges apportion credit to the content of the speech and to the delivery... this last including diction, deportment, personal interest of the speaker, etc.

Father Kelley, the Society's monitor, will pass on the choice of judges. The elimination rounds will be given three or four days before the final one which will be held in the College gymnasium. The judges for the elimination rounds will be chosen from the faculty and the three persons who judge the final round of four speakers will be gentlemen of prominence in the Border Cities who are interested in Collegiate orations and debate.

The "five fins" will be "rushin'" around looking for their owner the night of the Arts Banquet and any one having any capability in the oratorical category is asked to ponder over the power attached to a "quarter-century" remuneration for his efforts and apply for an entry to the executive without delay.

Hop Date is Set for April 5

DICK AVONDE'S SERVICES WILL
AGAIN BE SOUGHT; NEW
SYSTEM INAUGURATED

Previously in the year, April 26th was agreed upon as the date on which to sponsor Assumption's third, major, social event of the year.

The exact location of the dance has not been settled as yet, but will be known in the near future.

A committee of Juniors will be appointed by the local council this week, and it is fully expected that they will strive to achieve, if not surpass, the grandeur of the Senior Prom. This event will be a further effort to establish a dance to represent every year in the college; next year four dances will be held.

From an authentic source it is learned that Richard Avonde, who proved so popular at our last dance, will again be secured. Then, too, the idea of favours and decorations will again be carried out as before. A system of ticket selling will be adopted which will not only guarantee the success of the dance socially, but financially as well.

The J-Hop will officially close Assumption's social calendar of the year 1939-40.

Purple AND White

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Harry Bridge, H. William Burke, Don McAlpine, John Butler, Tim Kuhn,
Nick Richards, J. O'Neill

FACULTY ADVISER Father John M. Kelly, C.S.B.

ON PEACE

Peace, the eternal quest of man's heart. Whether we know what it is or no, one thing we are certain of, men have shown that they don't know how to attain it. As long as they keep looking for it in themselves, as long as purely human means are taken to insure it, we dare say it will never be attained. Peace is not man's to give. Christ very significantly told us that His Peace He gives to us. Outside of a recognition of Divine rights and an avowal of dependance on Christ, we envision no chance for a permanent, lasting peace. If that much is true, the Church, the Christ amongst us, cannot be left out of any consideration in the reckoning for future peace. It should be becoming more evident that the chief destroyers of peace on earth are those states that own allegiance neither to Christ nor God. Any assembly of rulers or representative law makers and governors who hope to legislate peace into the world and forbids the name of God to be so much as mentioned among them, is a priori doomed to failure. The present conflict which promises to spread much further, might only be the beginning of sorrows for a world that professedly desires peace. The to be wished for outcome is, that when all the means have been tried, the world will open its eyes enough to recognize that the sole hope for peace lies in a restoration of human values which can be affected only by Him whose birth was heralded as giving peace, whose death on Good Friday paid the price to insure peace between God and man, the conflict between whom originated by sin, has caused all the conflict the world has ever seen.

THE WARING DRIVE

Remote as the editorial lounge is from campus affairs, even there it is apparent that the W.S.D.C. (Waring Song Drive Committee) is not meeting with anticipated gusto. This, we realize, is not due to any laxity of the Fortier New Deal Bureaucracy, but rather to some indefinable sluggishness in the student body.

It is inconceivable to us that any Assumption student should neglect such a worthy cause. Certainly, every man on the campus realizes what it would mean to Assumption to have a Waring song, without any enumeration of advantages on our part.

If, by chance, the drive fails, YOU will bear the entire responsibility, for it is YOUR enthusiasm manifesting itself in writing that will put the project over.

Ed Fortier and the Council have endeavored to do more than any other student executive body has ever attempted in the history of Assumption. But in previous ventures they have had the absolute minimum of success, for the support given by the student body has been as tottering weak as the resulting criticism has been discouragingly strong.

Are you going to let them down again?

HOLY WEEK

Holy Week, the most solemn time of the whole year, begins this week. As mature Catholic men you should make it your business to know something about the ceremonies and devotions of Holy Week. It will enable you to enter into the spirit of Holy Week with greater enthusiasm if you understand the significance of the "externals".

The "Tenebrae" services conducted on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday evenings derive their name from the Latin for darkness. During these services the penitential psalms of Matins are chanted and the Lamentations of Jeremiah are repeated in mournful strains. At the conclusion of each psalm one of the candles is extinguished until there remain but one burning. The church is left nearly in darkness: "And it was almost the sixth hour and there was darkness over the whole earth till the ninth hour. And the sun was darkened." The one remaining candle represents the light of the world. It is the symbol of the Risen Saviour. On Holy Thursday we return for a brief moment to the joys which recall the institution of the Blessed Sacrament. But immediately after the Gloria in the Mass on Thursday morning, the church returns to sorrow in anticipation of Good Friday.

The saddest day of the year is Good Friday. It should be spent in thoughtful meditation. Accompany Christ on his "Via Dolorosa". Walk with Him in spirit through the streets from the steps of Pilate's palace to the heights of Calvary, by making the Stations of the Cross. The Cross is your only salvation. It is the triumph of love and sacrifice over everlasting death.

The great ceremonies of Holy Saturday reveal a sudden change from sorrow to joy in anticipation of Easter. The Baptismal Font and the five grains of incense, symbolic of the five wounds, are blessed. To the Mass once more returns the Gloria, the bells ring out, the organ peals and the purple covers are removed from the statues. Easter Sunday has arrived.

Our Redeemer's Resurrection is at once the most glorious event in His whole earthly career. It is the most striking proof of His divinity and the foundation of our whole Faith. Let us therefore enter into the true spirit of this season and make this week a HOLY Week.

"... as you like it ..."

By THE CYNIC

The Year Book has been announced for early April and its theme will be the Seventieth Anniversary of "Old Assumption." No more fitting tribute was ever paid to a school than this beautiful volume that commemorates her birthday. The story of the founding of Assumption is not merely the cataloging of facts and figures; it is a story of genuine human interest; of triumphs and failures; of hope and despair. Few of us can realize the early struggles, the trials, the heartbreaks, which were endured by the pioneer Basilians who established a college on La Pointe Montreal.

The history of Assumption is one that grows more and more interesting as the years go by. Few colleges in Canada can boast of the romantic and the colourful history that belongs to Assumption. For seventy years she has stood as a beacon — a guiding light in the lives of some ten thousand men who have trod the boards of her classic halls and have studied within her ivy covered walls. Well can there be great rejoicing, for it is the birthday of a queen — a queen of christianity and of a wonderful old college.

Old Assumption, sentinel of Catholic education; bulwark of Christianity in a world gone berserk, has lived through seven decades of war and peace, guiding her sons in the light of right, reason and Christian truth. The Second World War is but an incentive for her to further intensify her teaching of Jesus Christ and Him Crucified; to further imbed the roots of Catholic dogma into the hearts and minds of her students; to teach them that war is a scourge to the civilized race, a state detrimental to life and liberty, a mass slaughter perpetrated by tyrants and dictators who know no God. Ah, seventy years have taught Assumption that peace is but a transitory thing. The days of war, she hopes are to pass away for good, and arbitration will replace the sword. However, in war or peace, she realizes that she must see to it that the religion of her students suffers no diminution in vigour, sincerity and earnestness. This, precisely, is what she has done.

Assumption College is about to enter a completely new era. The college department will have to be enlarged and better accommodations are imperative. Assumption College, with her rich heritage of seventy years, cannot wane at the very pinnacle of her career and that is what is going to happen if her students do not give more support and show more enthusiasm toward her. This is more than a high school! It is a college seventy years old! Does that mean nothing? Are we going to let Assumption become bogged in the muck of indifference? Why not let us make something greater of her? Let us not be fatalists! We want a college, not a high school, and Assumption with the stupendous possibilities that surround her on all sides most certainly can become one of the greatest colleges of letters in Canada!

ERASMUS DOYLE - HIS LIFE AND WORKS

Chapter I

"The most unfortunate thing that can happen to a poet is to be born in Canada." That remark has been credited to Wilson Macdonald. How true it is, you yourself can prove if you will answer truthfully the following question: Can you name five prominent Canadian poets living at present? Ah! ha! I knew you couldn't. And your answer is mine and Canada's. We neglect our poets; we let them starve in garrets; we force them to seek an audience in the States.

Perhaps the only exception to this is Erasmus Doyle. Why is it that the name of Erasmus Doyle is a household word in Canada? Why do children hush his stanzas in the grade schools, and grey-bearded loons mumble his aphorisms? It is because the taste of Erasmus is so Catholic — his thoughts so eclectic. I think it might be worth while at this time to review matter perhaps already familiar to most of you and show what were the formative influences in the career of our greatest living poet.

Erasmus Doyle has always been influenced by what he read. In fact, Erasmus was influenced by nearly everything with which he came in contact but particularly by his reading. Ever since his parents found him gnawing the door post of the newly painted cottage across the street after he had read of the ginger bread house in Hansel and Gretel, they realized that his reading would have a great influence on him. Therefore they kept Buffalo Bill stories out of his hand lest he shoot up the neighbourhood and were afraid when they saw him reading Horatio Alger that he would roam the streets looking for runaway horses carrying millionaires' daughters to a perilous fate. He did. But no harm came of it. In fact no harm came of this susceptibility of Erasmus all during his early years of reading and his parents never dreamed when they left him an orphan that his childhood trait was to result in their son becoming one of the major poets of the century.

You see when Erasmus had to support himself during his teens, he was too busy working behind his fish counter at the A & P store to find any time for reading. And he went for such a long time without reading, that when he finally did read another book the cumulative effect of this trait of his must have piled so high that Erasmus was swept off his feet. Immediately he was a captive. After reading a book on the Georgian poets a great light burst upon Erasmus. He must be a poet. That is what those unexpressed longings within him meant. Like

the poets he must suffer in his sensitive soul, give rein to his artistic impulses and even like them wear his hair long and publish slim volumes of verse.

So Erasmus became a poet. At last his true vocation was found. Now there was something to account for the susceptibility of his childhood. Something that his parents had never guessed. What could it be but the receptivity of an artistic soul? And subject as he was even now to outside impressions, Erasmus got his first inspiration from the fish counter at which he worked. It is to this circumstance of his life that we owe that well-known first poem, "LO THE GENTLE FISH," from which, with your permission, I will quote an excerpt:

"Fish that swim
Fish, Fish.

Fish that gambol,
Fish, Fish.
Fish that sing,
Fish, Fish.

Fish that fly,
Fish, Fish.
Fish that fry,
Fish, Fish.

Fish my comrades,
Fish, Fish,
Fish Good Bye,
Fish, Fish.

We notice in this early poem of Erasmus Doyle, do we not, that simplicity — Wordsworth with all the tender pathos of the Hyper-Ichthyean school — realistic withal. Oh, yes, indeed, Realistic.

This first venture of Erasmus attracted, unfortunately, very little attention and he might have been another mute inglorious Milton but he soon progressed in his chosen métier. He was not completely satisfied with his mode of communication but he kept concentrating and placed his trust in his Muse. Unfortunately, Mr. Tompkins, the manager of the store, called it day-dreaming and became somewhat irritated with Erasmus. In his crass mind he thought Erasmus was probably contemplating in his mind's eye some local bit of blonde loveliness. How surprised Tompkins would have been if the chaste form of the Muse had materialized and been seen floating around the ear of our poet. But, eh! alas! the Tompkinses of this world will never understand such things.

At this time the great force that shaped his career came into the life of Erasmus Doyle. He read about T. S. Eliot and again a great light burst upon him. The poet must be difficult.

LETTERBOX

FROM THE INSIDE

Dear Mr. Editor:

Having heard that the "hunting" in local environs was most acceptable these days (something about a Leap Year jamboree), we trampled our better judgment into the waste basket, along with Article 2, Section 4, of our "Code of New Year's Resolutions" which forbids association with a certain collegiate covey of "Vassarettes," and attended a lecture downtown, Sunday night, March 10th. We usually attend these lectures to get better acquainted with Joe Knowledge, but this time, we're sorry to admit, it was for the sole purpose of scouting the comely representatives of the senseless sex who go to lectures because "it's being done."

Now it seems that a young damsel who lives in an atmosphere of could-be-better dance music lost her bearings on the way to the mail box Sunday afternoon and it being imperative that her missive be sent Special Delivery, she left it in the "Hall" with "Maggie" the mail-maid, and since Maggie always goes to the Lectures—the cherub twins (Folster and Foster) can't go alone—the letter got there also. And then, Mr. Editor, without benefit of rolling drums, comes the finale. The "sad Susies" knew the titian-haired authoress of the letter would be, oh! so angry, if they didn't mail it, so one little "Jewel" reached into the seat ahead of her where the coats and John-Boy were haphazardly heaped, took the letter and never having seen a mail box, she accepted the instructions of her "girl friend in the front seat" and shot the correspondence into the side pocket of one of the ushers who was collecting questions in the audience.

So just as we were warming to the question-box routine, out of a clear blue sky, sudden like ... like the scourge of movie goers who tramples on your feet and blacks out the screen at the most dynamic point in the feature ... up pops this letter at the speaker's table. If Mr. Claire had not been running some beautiful interference for the speaker the prestige of the audience would have capsized right then and there.

In disillusionment, Mr. Editor, we tearfully ask: "Are these girls in College or High School?" If they are in High School or anxiously awaiting promotion to that level, we will sit back and wait for them to come of age ... 'cause those tresses galore and beautiful, for all the ether they cover, would set off one of our dances with plenty to spare. But oh! Mr. Editor, if they are in college ... what a let-down. For what man can honestly ogle at one so weak in intellect that she would re-ent a "billet doux" for lack of something better to do.

We expect a pronouncement on the status of "Dizzy Liz" and her crew and trust you realize that it can in no way jeopardize your position as a source of unbiased news. Your answer will safeguard our friends who might be innocently interested or entangled. We know you would not wish any Assumption man to be wrongly impressed when one or all of these Shirley Temples toddles up to him in her best party frock at the coming Holy Names Roundabout.

With hearts in revolution, we remain,
A VOICE OF THE PURPLE.

His super-sensitivity cannot be expected to translate visions into everyday words. Naturally he will be abstruse, complicated, hard to understand and difficult. But Erasmus chose to be difficult with some of the A & P customers and Mr. Tompkins' parting shot about "fish, my comrade, Good-bye" indicated an irreverence which he probably regretted in later years. But fortunately Erasmus had one consolation that day. He picked up the Podunk Daily and there was his poem in the New Style—"Apparent Apathy."

The ceaseless throb of motors,
The rattling motor bus,
And all the deafening traffic
Is passing by for us.

The smoky, dusty city,
The dull drab sights we see,
And woe-begone expressions
Are all for you and me.

Who are you? and who are you?
And how can you speak true?
You say that you enjoy it?
I don't believe you do.

This was the poem that caused Fortune to smile on Erasmus. As luck would have it Mrs. Dodson was out of Movements at the time. The Anti-Saloon League and the Society for the Suppression of Vice were rather passé. Mrs. Dodson was a brood chicken without her brood. It was Art she must have. Her interest in the Little Theatre had died out since her directing of Deirdre of the Horrors had been ridiculed, and here — here in her own town (and Mrs. Dodson almost regarded it as hers) was a poet! And since he was a poet he must be penniless and living in a garret. Therefore a room was made ready and Erasmus—who was never one to turn a cold shoulder to Good Fortune—moved in. (This analysis of the poetry of Erasmus Doyle will be continued in the next issue.)



SPORTS



SPORTSLANTS

It is no secret that all year this column has completely neglected the High School department of Athletics and hence "fellow students" let's try and make up for it in some way. Oh yes, we did have (and still do) a rather good hockey team, coached by none other than Father Hugh Mallon. At this writing the Senior pucksters have just romped off with the WOSSA Senior hockey title by defeating London in a home-and-home series with total goals deciding the championship. The Purple pucksters took the first game of the series, after skipping through their regular schedule unscathed in some six contests, in Windsor by a 3-1 win. Father Mallon's charges then journeyed to London where Don May, Charley Thompson and "Bev" Nichols figured greatly in shellacking the Central boys 6-3, thus winning the WOSSA title by defeating the Forest City sextet 9-4 on the round.

Hats are off to May, Thompson and Nichols for their bludgeoning in the second game which enabled this year's team to win the first WOSSA hockey title in the past decade. There was also a small matter of net minding which wasn't too bad either. If anybody was put on the spot it was Marcel Robinet, Assumption goalie. With Norm Callery and Gemus, the two net-minders, out minders, out of the lineup, Father Mallon was forced to shove a "green" kid into the gap. In the two Windsor playoff games with Walkerville and the two London games, Robinet allowed very few shots, which could be called easy, to get past him. And, although not looking any too polished, the youngsters came through with flying colours. Orchids to you, Father Mallon, and to your fighting team.

* * * * *

"Kids' stuff" and "cowardly tactics" were the sentiments of many who witnessed the second Assumption-Alumni battle at Kennedy Collegiate. On whose shoulders rests the blame for the fistic climax, we will not venture to say, but when an Alumni official goes so far as to use his feet in uncommissioning an Assumption player, then we can't be expected to keep quiet about the whole affair. After some thirty-nine minutes of hectic playing, it is no wonder that such an affair took place, at least as far as the players were concerned. We don't, however, agree that the officials of the club, who have no direct connection with the actual play of the game, should get into the conflict. (Mr. C—, you should have tried to stop that fight; certainly you shouldn't try to end the playing days of any of the athletes. Yes, Mr. C—, you really looked bad on that one.)

* * * * *

Possibilities again shroud the golf outlook at Assumption. The eternal Hamletian question. Last year, Assumption's efforts in the M-O League were rewarded with the third place standing. Bernard Bilitzke thinks that the standing can be improved this year, and is making great efforts to have a team in the Big Rapids Tournament. If the team is entered it will be comprised of the four low men to be determined in the elimination match at the local Lakewood course. The only two veterans are "Little Bill" Burke and Lyle Gray. Both are fine golfers, the former having scintillated in various tournaments held in the environs of Hoosick Falls; the latter was low man last year and ran away with the Windsor Junior title. May our "clubbing" friends succeed.

* * * * *

Bits here and there . . . Nick Richards, official score and time-keeper for the intra-mural basketball league, performed like a veteran with the clock and pencil. He almost pulled out a few remaining hairs in his head in the last meeting of the Tankers and the Philosophers. Jack "Huskie" Keenan finished up the season as manager of the Varsity team, and a very able one he turned out to be. His best work was done in the Alumni series, keeping the two teams apart . . . "Killer" Kane gets his workouts from the freshmen in the gym while watching the games. Dan was the best rooter the "foolosophers" had . . . Ed. Westfall brought his gang along with him to the Varsity games so that he would not be molested in any manner . . . We managed to get Paul Barrett out for intra-mural basketball, but it was impossible to get Tom "the wonder man" to make an appearance.

Purples Drop "Tough One" To Calvin Knights, 53-52

The Purple Raiders ended their regular basketball schedule on March 7th when they played host to the strong Calvin five from Grand Rapids, Mich. In one of the best games of the campaign the Purples went down 52-51 to the Knights when Gordie Buter sank a foul shot in the last forty seconds of play. It was the second game of the season which the Purples lost in the last few seconds of the contest.

The Raiders got away to a bad start, but snapped out of it late in the first half to cut down the Calvin lead to 31-28 at the end of twenty minutes of play. It took very little effort for the fast moving and smooth passing Knights to run up an 8-1 lead over the bewildered Purple after three minutes had ticked by. At the ten minute mark it was increased to 15-6 but from here in it was a much better contest.

The Assumption cagers knotted the count five minutes after the second half had begun, at 38-38, and, with five minutes remaining, Johnny Shada's men took over the ball for the first time.

Instead of playing the old "Kitty-bar-the-door" game, Assumption took foolish chances and lost the ball to the Calvinites who promptly made use of the opportunity to tie the game up at 52 all with only one minute to play.

Forty seconds remained when Gord Buter sank a foul to bring down the curtain on the M-O finale with Calvin on top 53-52. In defeat, the Purple looked as good as it had ever appeared all season with Slovisky, Durocher, Mahaffy and Phibbs pacing the attack.

CALVIN			
	FG	F	T
Bielema, rf.	5	2	12
Van Faasen, lf.	3	2	8
Buter, c.	2	2	6
M. Bratt, rg.	3	2	8
Hendrickson, lg.	0	1	1
Bult, alt.	2	1	5
Thomasma, alt.	2	1	3
Broene, alt.	0	4	4
B. Bratt, alt.	0	0	0
Bolt, alt.	2	1	5
Total	18	16	52

ASSUMPTION			
	FG	F	T
Alex, rf.	1	2	4
Ryan, lf.	1	1	3
Phibbs, c.	3	1	7
Slovisky, rg.	6	2	14
Mahaffy, lg.	4	0	8
Greenway, alt.	2	0	4
Westfall, alt.	1	1	3
Durocher, alt.	3	2	8
McNamara, alt.	0	0	0
Total	21	9	51

Assumption High Crowned W.O.S.S.A. Hockey Champs

Completing their season unscathed by defeat, the Assumption Senior Hockey Team entered the city playoffs against Walkerville two weeks ago. Robinet, an inexperienced goalie, was brought up to replace Callery who was confined to the hospital with appendicitis. At first the fans were dubious as to Robinet's ability as a goal tender, but they gave him their full support and he came through like a veteran. Assumption took the two game series, total goals to count, 9-6. This gave the Ramblers a bid to enter the W.O.S.S.A. play-offs against London.

The first game played at the Windsor Arena was a 3-1 victory for the Purples. Thompson, May and Howard were the scorers. Howard scored on a penalty shot.

The second game played at London was a thrilling encounter with neither side giving an inch throughout the entire three periods. The arena echoed and re-echoed with the frenzied cries as Assumption, the city champs of Windsor, wrested the W.O.S.S.A. championship from the London city champs by a score of 6-3.

Friday and Saturday, March 15th and 16th, the new W.O.S.S.A. champs will again invade London in an attempt to win the provincial crown. Best of luck, Father Mallon, and we are banking on you and your pucksters to bring the cup to Assumption.

Raiders are Nosed Out in City Championship Stretch

LAST MINUTE WINDSOR RALLY SPELLS DEFEAT FOR ASSUMPTION BY 34-31 MARGIN AS TEAMS PLAY TO RECORD CROWD

It's all over but the shouting. Yes, the final whistle has blown for the Assumption cagers, with the 34-31 beating at the hands of the Windsor Alumni ushering out the 1939-40 campaign. It was the final game in the best-of-three City championship play-offs at Kennedy Collegiate last Tuesday with the gym packed to the doors and rafters.

The contest was close all the way with never more than five points separating the two teams, being a repetition of the first two contests minus the fisticuffs. After the first quarter, Assumption overcame a one point deficit and jumped into a 13-12 lead at the midway mark. At the end of the third stanza it was increased to 25-21.

That lead was soon slashed down as Glen Sherman started throwing them in from all corners of the floor. It was the former Assumption ace who knotted the count at 31-31 late in the game. As the teams fought tooth and nail to get a scoring chance, Jack Blair went in a close shot but was literally cut down by an Assumption hoopster and was then awarded two free throws with the teams deadlocked and but one minute and thirty-six seconds remaining.

If memory serves us right it was much the same situation as at Assumption in the first game as the teams were tied at 33-33, and only forty seconds left. On that occasion, Blair made good on his shot and gave his team a 34-33 victory. However, this time he was awarded two shots, and, with the Assumption fans shouting their heads off to unnerve the lanky Alumni pivot, Jack took all his time and both shots swished neatly through the mesh to put the Alumni two up and only one and a half minutes left. Stewart then added another to clinch the title.

There is no doubt that Blair was the hero of the game and of the series coming through when the chips were down. Glen Sherman continued his high scoring with 13 points, garnering most of his markers on neat long shots. Bill Butcher's pride and joy, Jack Blair, was next with two field goals and six out of seven tries from the foul strip for ten.

Bitz. Alex paced the vanquished Purple quintet with eleven points, followed by Walt Mahaffy with six.

One highlight of the game was the whistle-tooting of one Cincy Sachs who kept his confrere, George Dufour, in the back seat with his antics and fine showmanship.

ASSUMPTION			
	FG	FT	FM
Alex, rf.	5	3	1
Ryan, lf.	1	4	3
Phibbs, c.	0	3	1
Slovisky, rg.	2	1	4
Mahaffy, lg.	3	1	0
Westfall, sub.	0	0	0
Durocher, sub.	1	1	0
Greenway, sub.	0	2	1
McNamara, sub.	0	0	0
Totals	12	15	7

ALUMNI			
	FG	FT	FM
Sherman, rf.	6	2	1
Stewart, lf.	1	2	1
Blair, c.	2	7	6
Wiseman, rg.	2	3	1
Nantais, lg.	0	1	0
Weese, sub.	1	3	1
Pendlebury, sub.	0	0	0
Totals	12	18	10

Score at Half—Assumption, 13; Alumni, 12.
Referee—George Dufour, Detroit.
Umpire—Cincy Sachs, Detroit.

Suits That Satisfy
GREENWAY'S CLOTHES
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Shoes With Class
AT
TROTT'S SHOE STORE
OUELLETTE AVE.

Tankers Vie With Juniors in Intramural Championship

Despite a close call in their last scheduled game with the Philosophers, the Tankers proved all pre-season forecasts correct, and hence hold the title as champs of the Boarders' Intramural Basketball League. Meeting the Tankers in the championship match will be the newly crowned Juniors of the Day Scholars League. Even though forced into overtime in the final game by the Internationals the Juniors continued their successful drive to the top.

The Boarder team composed of the two freshmen aggregations: Tankers, Hybirds, Faculty, and Philosophers, have shown that size does not always count. For the Hybirds, despite a deficiency in this department, have fought every inch of the way (and I do mean fight!). The Tankers may have used a few steam-roller tactics at times but they also showed that they can "pop 'em." The faculty, even though handicapped by age with its consequent infirmities, almost proved the old adage, "that life begins at 40" (or thereabouts). The Philosophers, in attempting to uphold their prestige gained in previous years, were simply snowed under by youth.

Nevertheless, as the standings below (along with the high-scorers) show, the league gave every participant a chance to strut his stuff and practice his debating with the refs.

Jumping over to the Day Scholars League, we see three very closely matched teams. The sophomore Internationals, who have lost all games played to date, have forced their conquerors to go to the limit. The freshmen Unknowns, who are at present in second place, have used their height to advantage and displayed their prowess under the basket. Undeclared in first place stand the Juniors, who (without trying to make any predictions) seem to be the likely contestants in the big game.

All games played by both day scholars and boarders have been unusually high-scoring affairs, showing that the present athletes have a better eye than past performers.

Immediately after Easter the organization of the annual handball tournament will begin with (we hope) a large number of contestants. This will be followed by softball which will bring the intramural sports activities to a close.

Final Standings of Intramural Basketball Leagues

BOARDERS' LEAGUE			
	W.	L.	Pts.
TANKERS	5	0	10
PHILOSOPHERS	3	2	6
FACULTY	1	5	0
HYBIRDS	0	5	0

DAY SCHOLARS' LEAGUE			
	W.	L.	Pts.
JUNIORS	3	0	6
INTERNATIONALE	1	2	2
UNKNOWN	0	2	0

H.N.C. Intramural Program Succeeds

Although no intercollegiate games have taken place, the H N C basketball teams have been having inter-class games with vim and vigor. Most of the players have already participated in the sport and a great deal of talent has been discovered during practice. The forwards show special talent in their long shots, especially Phyllis French, who rarely misses.

The badminton teams are also doing their part. By the condition of the birds, it can be seen that the teams have been working very hard. To date, the freshmen and sophomores have been playing the most, and juniors now stand ready to compete with their best couple.

With the advent of Spring, it is to be hoped that archery and baseball will replace the indoor sports. A team is to be organized and made ready for all opposition. They will probably accept challenges too — from their classmates.

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Snoopin' with Scoop!

Having been brutally and mercilessly attacked in our last edition, yours truly is venturing forth more cautiously than ever. You never know what to expect.

McAlpine and Langan have formed a Department of Investigation to deal with the affairs of their fellow students. Such thoughtfulness! Every flat has their P.T.s, but our bet is that this combination will out-look any comers.

"Walt" Nichols claims that he receives more head-work during Psychology than any other class, — and I do mean headwork.

Jerry Koerber has lost all patience for the "Snow Queen." With no letters in sight, Jerry has pawned the photo on to innocent Bob Long.

Gerard Cecile informs us that "potential timber" for president of next year's S.C. is quietly being groomed from down Tecumseh way. What, another Frenchman?

Good old Monte Nigro claims that we were wrong in our last edition regarding the "inactivities" in his social life. What about that Wednesday not so long ago? How lonesome waiting and waiting. Was Monte peeved? Not much.

The Tunnel Bus Quartet of Braun, Boyer, Begole and Begole have as their theme song "Clementine." The boys have had such fine success that they have hired Jim Malloy to take the collection. We do not, however, expect this combination to continue long, as the songsters find it difficult to agree over "the extra one."

Sad Sam Sasso has decided to enter our "white-hope," Norm Phibbs, in next year's Golden Gloves. We're all behind you, Norm.

For the annual M.O. Track and Field Events, the Philosophers are steadily grooming young Arch Langan for the hurdles. "Lightning" has been diligently practicing, so much so, that on certain evenings, neighbors' fences are small obstacles.

Sigmund Haremski was perhaps the most disillusioned person about the College last week. For awhile he believed there was no end to his griefs. Just persevere, Sig, and things will no doubt right themselves. Besides, what about the letters that agree with you in every respect?

It takes the Holy Name's girls to show the way not only for work accomplished on the Year Book, but also in asking questions at the Lecture League. If you missed the excellent lecture, inquire from one who was present.

Leo "Silent" Davids can once more move about in usual stride since Jim Roach has returned to the fold. We would like to see you more often Jim.

We wonder why our good friend John Venini has been appearing so happy of late. Could it be that McAlpine is helping John's social life?

We at last accept it as a hobby, for even Dick Boland has commenced to save photographs of certain people. Or were you the victim of circumstances, Dick?

Central Advertising System Receives High Praise

Assumption College's new Central System of Advertising allows an advertisement purchased in the "Ambassador" the benefit of several outlets. These other mediums are the College "Purple & White," published twice a month; the High School "Reporter," published once a month; and recognition given with all College programs whether of a dramatic or athletic nature, and finally the advertiser's name is placed on the College bill board in the rotunda of the Arts building. The following are remarks from a couple of Windsor's business men:

Mr. W. T. Balmer, manager of Dowlers: "This system should prove beneficial to both the College and to the business man."

Mr. R. E. Lane, Advertising Mgr. of Trott's Shoe Store: "An excellent system and should have a tendency to eliminate the danger of repetition."

Malone Flower Shop
CORSAGES AND
EASTER FLOWERS
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Canadian students can study engineering in Detroit—the industrial center of the United States—and return home to an employment field in which there is a minimum of competition for jobs.

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Personality Plus



BERNARD BILITZKE

Russia has its Siberia, France has its Devil's Island, Canada has its Windsor . . . and Michigan has its Cheboygan. To elucidate further: did you ever consider the last couple of letters in the alphabet . . . hanging on for sheer sake of convention? Well, Cheboygan might as well be an 'x' or a 'z', hopelessly tacked on the map of the state, swearing that any century now the census-takers will charter Frank Buck and include Cheboygan in their chores. When they drop in at Poppa Bilitzke's to count the population of the town they will hear that one, Bernard Bilitzke, was born back in those days when America was beginning to believe that a war was going to last forever and they might as well have a little noise of their own around the American home.

Horrible as it may sound, the honorable object of our biography bounced through his adolescence and early squirehood in one of those tiny crimson schoolhouses where for years he practically rained apples on the pretty young thing who was school marm. But the utility of adding two and two for years and years irked Blissful Bernie to no peewee extent. He ran the gamut of frivolity in the high school built especially for him, and in 1935 he neatly creased his sheepskin about his newly dry-cleaned neck, borrowed a silk handkerchief from Marian, which she adoringly whisked into the cutest bow-tie, and in his new regalia he fled to Assumption. The tattered remnant of a Michigan outpost had become the sartorial bouquet of Assumption's Freshmen Flat.

"Swig's" career on the campus careened into high in his first year and its increased acceleration since that time would relegate Seabiscuit to the turtle category. The lad started college a year ahead of the rest of this year's graduating class, but he was out for a year, a year or three ago. He propounds the theory that a year of civil service work is an essential intermediate step in every college career and we corroborate his contentions with one reservation . . . What "intermediate business" precipitated since he came back, an untold wealth in foreign correspondence, phone numbers and addresses, from Detroit, Grand Rapids, Cheboygan, Grand Rapids, and Grand Rapids. (And we still think those apples paid dividends.)

Bernard could and did organize everything from the Biological Class to the Cloutier sisters. When interviewed, these last exclaimed: "Bernard has always been a sturdy 'post' for even the French to lean on." As warden of the intramural sports league this year, he had everyone playing everything . . . whether they could or not. As a Sophomore and Junior he was manager of the Varsity athletic teams and your columnist is aptly reminded of this when Swig roams past the attendant at all Varsity athletic meets. The crumpled appearance of the neck of his coat is not . . . as he swears . . . from hanging them up that way. They got that way by rough and ready treatment at this gate or that. But he always coughed up the two bits . . . so there you are.

Bernard's whirl in the social gig has been rather static but we still offer a pedestal to the lass who is impervious to his purr. Take a dance, for instance . . . take two, they're small . . . and if you will stick to cases, take the last Senior Prom where his technique was exhibited as a swan song to those of us he will leave behind this June. Having firmly convinced milady with whom he came that "six foot two with eyes of blue" is no every-day specimen he tacks on the downbeat towards the middle of the floor and with a practiced "flip of the lip" consolidates his position for the next dance with someone else's girl. His extra curricular activities this past month have been rather arduous and to recuperate he spends evenings on end in the hospital . . . but he never seems to get any better. However he stands 'Pat' on his conviction that the hospital is the only place for a restless soul.

Glints and Gleams

from H.N.C.

"Freshie" Chronicle:

Our Dean was "taken for a ride" by the seniors recently straight down the elevator shaft . . . It is rumored that a group of girls plan to have a tournament in marbles. Are they preparing for that closer affiliation with Assumption? . . . Our mouths fell open—our eyes popped wide. Before us sat the worthy seniors with pipes clenched firmly between their teeth. Then before we could utter a word of protest, large white soap bubbles suddenly formed on each and every pipe. Yes, we must really admit that our worthy seniors are in their second childhood. Or can it be worse? . . . One of the near tragedies of the recent hay-ride party—Our freshie president was suspended eight feet in the air from the top of Willstead park fence until rescued by a heroic companion . . . We hope that the chemistry girls don't take their homework too seriously. Reason? The latest assignment:—"Take arsenic tonight, girls." S.O.S.

Emergency . . . Rush out gas masks. Traitor must have possession of lab. School is becoming asphyxiated . . . S.O.S. . . . Drop, drop, drop. Far into the night our freshie editor was dropping metallic glitter, piece after piece on her Holy Name College Prom Poster (plug). Who says our freshies have no school spirit? . . . The baseball season is in full swing in the English 10 class . . . forget your book 3 X and you're out . . . Is our famous jitterbug ever temperamental? . . . To her day, when she missed the elevator, we found her in our noon-hour gathering-place frothing at the mouth and wildly gesticulating, tooth brush and tooth paste in either hand . . . These Lab. Technicians certainly put their whole mind (and imagination) into their work. Isabel Hewitt called Angie Hoy over to inhale the fumes from her test tube. "Doesn't it smell like a camp-fire?" she said. "Um," said Angie. "I can smell even the mustard on the Weiner." . . . Why was Elaine Charters so anxious to get the Riverside bus a few days ago? . . . When is Margaret Toepfer going to announce her pardon? . . . Why does Catherine (M.M.) Nelson run around the school three times every noon hour? . . . All Holy Names war work is being carried on by Gloria Sibue . . . Monica Foster has been going around feeling "foolish" lately . . .

THINGS WE DIDN'T KNOW TILL NOW:—We have potential explorers in our midst. Isabel Hewitt and Frances Whitehead, blazing a trail with pen and pencil through the wilderness surrounding our happy school, came across (1) a dead crow; (2) a rabbit's footprints; (3) the way back to school . . . Catherine Nelson is a ba-a-a-a-a-a-a girl! She put the casseroles behind the mortars instead of behind the evaporating dish . . . Isabel Hewitt is learning last. Among other things she has found that cadavers are not live corpses . . . Margaret Goggins is taking up dunning letters in English 31. Mary Jo, take warning! (It's safe to mention this, because Mary Jo says Donald can't read) . . . Geraldine Trimble has more choices for the Prom than she knows what to do with. And look what she's doing with them!!

INFORMATION PLEASE — BOARDERS:—Who has popularized moccasins here of late? Could it be one of Bar Harbour's Indians? . . . What is the boarders' motto? Is it bigger and better ribbons everyday? . . . Flash! Are all the boarders in focus with the eye of the camera? . . . Or is it just one? . . . Why did the snow disappear from the roof beneath a certain boarder's window as the court below became strewn with apple cores? . . . The Kid used to be an ardent badminton fan. Why is she now so interested in boys and arrows? (Archery to you) . . . It pays to have friends. Or else why did Clocky have so much time to write letters one Friday afternoon? . . . What is that fluttering of wings heard of late in about the college flat? The birds haven't returned. Could it be "The Angel" mastering the ethereal touch? . . . Who's the only boarder that gets sleep during the night instead of the day which is the present common practice? . . . Would St. Patrick be proud to see how the boarders show their patriotism, puffing penny pipes?

**THE
FAMILY SHOE STORE**
W. J. BONDY & SONS
126 Ouellette Ave.

HOT CROSS BUNS
at
Walkerville Bakery
1767 Wyandotte E., 1329 Ottawa
Ouellette Market

Frosh Angles

by P-3

Flash, flash . . . The news has just come over the wires that Bill Marinis, the lad who put up such a good battle against Pat Peartree, has signed to meet the Demon of the Diamond, Rip Van Winkle, the Frosh-flat's own Lester Peters. Since Peartree has taken a little vacation, Phil Spahn has been watching for new talent to pit against the Tiffin Flash. Mostly all the former track stars of the Frosh-flat have been seen to stare with amazement at Bill's speed. Bill has kept in good condition and is quite often seen flinging the basketball around at night in the Assumption gym.

As Marinis is now the undisputed champ, it is only right that this column be dedicated entirely to him. In case some of our readers don't know Bill, he is that tall, bushy haired individual that you see in green trousers and same coloured sweater. Don't get us wrong, Bill is by no means Irish. He was the hero of an earlier column that was published around Christmas. It was a few days previous to that issue that Bill was beaten in the last lap by Peartree. As you fellows will remember, that race was sponsored by the firm of Jacques, Jacques and Jacques. Eddie, who is president of the "Destry Rides Again" Club, eagerly gave his approval to the match. As yet the price has not been mentioned; the idea is rife that the race will either be run on a Jacques-take-all or a 60-40 (the 60 still going to Jacques).

A capacity crowd is expected, and Tim Kuhn in charge of the publicity angle expects about a dollar gate. Peters has been challenging Bill to race for many days, and Bill has accepted to silence him. Peters is built on the lines of Glen Cunningham. For the play by play report of this classic, follow the Purple and White as it scoops the others.

FINE CLOTHES AT PASCOE'S

Buy With Confidence
**Rugs - Radios
Furniture**
at
BAUM and BRODY
Corner Chatham and Ferry Sts.

Fine Shoe Repair
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For Easter Shopping - See -

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Ray Seguin Clothes Shop
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Searle & Co. Paints
Hotel Prince Edward
Trott's Shoes Ltd.
Windsor Lumber Co.
Pond's Drug Store
Coca-Cola Co. Ltd.
Quality Cleaners
Greyhound Buses
Vanity Theatre
Lazare's Furs
Windsor Gas Co.
White Restaurant
Provincial Bank of Canada
Detroit Business University

MASTER CLEANERS
Ottawa St.
Step Out Easter Morn in
MASTER Cleaned Clothes.

Malloy Wins Second Victory in Oratorical Contest

Jim Malloy sits atop the Oratorical pile for another year. He has still another year to become better acquainted with the honour and prize of winning the Bishop O'Donnell prize, awarded yearly for rhetorical competition. On the 17th of April, Mr. Malloy stacked his talent against the Brothers Begole and Gene Durocher and his rhetorical prowess boosted his stock to a second consecutive victory. The judges, however, were not hasty with their decision; three other speakers stayed as near the top as they possibly could without actually copping the prize.

The title of Mr. Malloy's talk was: "The Association of American Trade Unionists," and he seemed to leave no rhetorical pebble unturned as he exhausted both the subject material proper and the various excellencies of diction, general deportment and control of the audience, which make a first-class speaker. He had that little edge over the other three contestants which make the difference between victory and defeat in the ultimate tabulations on the scoresheets.

Gene Durocher also was concerned in his talk with another phase of unionism, and as if to stay in the same stream of thought with his talk, George Begole related at least some union theories to his subject, "Socialism," in which he paralleled what he considered the sincere goodness of socialism with the harsh wrongs of capitalism. Sophomore Malloy was really and truly almost outdone by this Freshman opponent. And "Yum," George's brother, at least won some votes in the audience with his comically stage interpretation of the struggle on the European Continent. He claimed to have heard the latest war notes, "right from the mouths of the canons." He was a gesticulating and vociferous masterpiece at least.

The semi-final rounds saw such fine speakers as Steve McManus, Don McAlpine, Ben Laker and Edgar MacDonald lose out in their fine attempt to gain the final round. The judges for the elimination rounds, Father Young, Father Thompson, Father Ruth and Mr. Gilbert Horne, did very satisfactory work on their balloting, and the judges in the final round, Messrs. Quenneville, Landriau and Lasseline, were probably in one of the tightest spots of their career, along those lines.

The Oratorical Contest, sponsored annually by the St. Basil's Literary Society, wound up a highly successful and literally lucrative year for that organization.

Student Council Announces Closing Business

There will be but two more student assemblies — at the first of which the students will choose their school sweater; at the second the students will be presented with a rough draft of the constitution.

All societies are asked to meet as soon as possible for the purpose of electing a president, vice-president of their respective groups, and for reason of compiling a report of their activities, financial and social, covering the time elapsed since the first report of that nature.

The date of award night is still pending and likewise the date for the drawing of the Budget tickets.

Meeting of the present Student Council — the new council and president of each organization will be held before exams to lay out plans for next year.

Student publications, "Ambassador and P&W," are asked to call a meeting of their staff, to appoint their editors and co-editors for next year. These will likewise take part in this first meeting of the legislature.

May 2nd or 19th have been submitted as dates for the annual May-Day celebration sponsored each year by the Sodality in honour of Our Lady.

Arts Banquet Brilliant Event

REV. H. D. SULLIVAN, OF
DETROIT, GUEST SPEAKER

The Annual Arts Banquet of Assumption College was held on Thursday evening, April 18, in the main ballroom of the Hotel Prince Edward.

After a very delicious dinner, the guests settled back in their chairs to listen to the customary after dinner speaking. The speeches spun along at a merry gate. Every one was making a speech on the slightest provocation. The amiable toastmaster, Mr. William Ennest, would introduce someone to introduce somebody who in turn introduced somebody else who had a prize to offer somebody. We thought for a while that we would need a handbook to guide us as to who was who and why in the ballroom. Father Lee has a copy of "Who's Who in Canada" — that might have helped. Everyone was enthusiastic over Phil Spahn's speech.

At any rate English 19 was booted all over the place and the back slapping was terrific. However, to be serious, there were some very fine talks given, especially that of the guest speaker, Father H. D. Sullivan of All Saints Church in Detroit. Father Sullivan is an alumnus of Assumption and anecdotes of his days spent at the college amused the guests no end. Very Reverend T. A. MacDonald, president of the college, delivered a very inspiring as well as timely talk on science and the modern world.

Others on the programme were Father Guinan, Mr. Charles Clarke, Mr. A. McGuire, Mr. Holden and numerous other impromptu speakers. The president of the Student Council, Mr. Edward Fortier, was the closing speaker as he announced the election returns.

Closer Affiliation Finally Materializes

HOLY NAMES, ALUMNI, WEST-
ERN AND C.F.C.C. TO BAND
WITH ASSUMPTION

It seems that the topic on everyone's lips is closer affiliation, and when the idea of a Theatre Night had to be dropped, everyone took up the cry "What about closer affiliation?"

Actually, we have made great strides in this regard. In time, Assumption will justly be known as the school of closer affiliations, for in regards to Holy Names, both colleges have co-operated on dances, and plans have already been laid for next year's Freshman Dance, when the freshmen of Assumption and Holy Names will be banded together and pass through their final stages of initiation. After that will come Theatre Night, debates, bridge tournaments, etc. A start has been made, the rest is sure to follow.

A plan has also been devised to unite more closely the students and alumni. A step in this direction has been made in regards to our Arts Banquet and J-Hop. Then next summer a reunion is to be held and a huge home-coming celebration is being planned for next fall in which both students and alumni will take part.

Another affiliation plan being adopted is one which will bind us more closely to all the affiliate colleges of Western; a step in this direction was made some time ago when Ed Fortier represented Assumption at U. of Western's Annual Arts Ball held at Hotel London, London, Ont.

Closer affiliations on a much larger scale are being planned in the name of the Catholic Federation of Canadian Colleges, which will unite the whole Dominion and give us a right of representation at an International Congress. Negotiations in this respect began before Christmas and a few weeks ago Assumption sent two delegates, Dan Kane and Gene Dalton, to Toronto to represent us in the first huge conference in connection with this Federation. Such an organization presents tremendous possibilities.

HAREMSKI LANDSLIDE MARKS STUDENT COUNCIL ELECTIONS

Laker, Dalton, Marchand, Spahn

Also Victorious in Winning

Next Year's Coveted Offices



From left to right is your newly elected Council: Bottom row—Spahn (2nd year); Haremski (Pres.); top row—Laker (Vice-Pres.); Marchand (3rd year); Dalton (4th year).

During the past three weeks, the election of a new Student Council occupied a place of honour in our calendar of major events. On the day of nominations, things happened in a hurry. It seemed that everyone wanted a position on the Council, and nominations were fast and furious.

Waring Will Write Song For Summer Reunion

As a result of all the letters and petitions that have been sent in, Fred Waring recently sent a letter of acknowledgement to the Students' Council, thanking all Assumption students and supporters for their interesting letters and interest in his program.

Mr. Waring in his letter expressed a willingness to write a song in connection with Assumption's 70th anniversary reunion which is to be held this summer, and then next fall he would like to include us on his college program.

Since Fred Waring's College Smoker continues only until the end of April, and since his program is necessarily made up a few months ahead, it would be well-nigh impossible for Assumption to hear its victory song this spring.

However, to have two songs composed for us is a distinct privilege, so once again Assumption goes over the top.

The Ambassador Delayed Until May 6

The Ambassador, of which enough superlatives have been scattered about, has been delayed until Monday, May 6. The original release date was set for April 19, but technical difficulties centering about the cuts and plates used in the book have necessitated the later release date.

Students who did not pay for their subscription upon entrance are requested to place their orders immediately in view of the fact that no extra copies will be obtainable.

This is not an advertising stunt. Extra orders have been refused scores of students. A limited number of copies makes this policy necessary.

However when the campaign started the leaders stepped out into the open and the campaign became serious, with many signs, posters and "ballyhoo" thrown in.

Friday, the 12th, the candidates assembled together to voice their respective programs and make their last plea for votes.

The appearance of Mr. Lewis decked out in tails, and handing out cigars at random, seemed at first a definite threat for the presidency. Then Mr. Laker's arrival with his huge signs and a brass band, squelched the first idea and made it a toss-up. Mr. Haremski's arrival with a bodyguard of "A" men presented a rather formidable threat; however after him came the dapper Mr. Ayotte, who looked the part of a rather smooth politician. By now the student body was in a turmoil and decided that only the speeches could decide the best man.

Immediately the whole tone of the meeting changed, gone was the show, everyone became serious and presented several definite plans and constructive criticism. If this year's Council had accomplished nothing, it would be satisfied to say that at least they have made the students realize what a Student Council means and what it can do, thereby making it something necessary and very important in student life.

Those running for other offices were likewise sincere in their remarks, and showed a spirit that no matter who gained office, a good man was sure to be in. Providing the entertainment, musical as well as dramatic, in this group was the "BUS" Quartet.

Previous to the program a testimonial to Ed Fortier, president of this year's Council, was read by Stephen McManus on behalf of the student body and then acknowledged by Mr. Fortier, who in turn gave control of the meeting to Mr. Nigro, vice-president of the Council.

The students went to the poll Monday, April 22nd, and equalled last year's record in the amount of students who voted. At 4:00 P.M., Fr. Guinan and Ed Fortier sealed the ballot boxes, and Mr. Parker and Mr. Jacques were witnesses to the seal.

The ballots were placed in Fr. Kil-

(Continued on page 3)

J-Hop Eclipses All '39-'40 Social Events

Thursday, April 25th, will be remembered as a banner date in Assumption's all-time calendar. On that date, in the ballroom of the Prince Edward Hotel, the first Annual J-Hop was danced into the newer and classier pages of Windsor's dance register with all the fine flare and decorum demanded by the new social regime the College is sponsoring. The tenor of the affair struck the same trail the Seniors had first danced with their Prom last January. The battle of the mid-week date versus Friday or Saturday night was decisively won: close to four hundred guests proved that an Assumption dance can and will be well attended, as they meshed friendly and smoothly, with a touch of smartly, into the tempo of Hal Mack's musical manoeuvres. A number one band, hinged to a number one audience, in a number one rendezvous, can do no wrong.

The dance was to make or break a student attempt. Either our dances could take precedence over the others held in Windsor, or they could not. The highly congratulatory remarks of the patrons and alumni; the very pleasing fashion in which the students adhered to their "pledge"; the fact that with but minutes to go before the band stopped playing, the hall was as full of couples as when the crowd first arrived; all this has proved that Assumption has come through in the clutch in grand style. It looks as if the A.C. parties are to be the parties of the year.

The actual success of the no-hitch program is appropriately charged to William Hubert Burke, the social "charge d'affaires" of the evening. He smoothly handled all events as they presented themselves, and he may be said to be directly responsible for the actual running-off of the party, as was as suave competent at the J-Hop party as he always is at a keyboard.

The decorations were devised and supervised by Bob Handy, and Junior Bridge and Nickles completed that committee. The band stand was backed up with a latticed window effect in purple and white with a slanted J-Hop insignia in the centre of the scene. The opposite, long wall boasted a set of huge gold letters, spelling out the name of the dance. Bunches of gold-coloured balloons hung around the balcony railing — toys for the "studs" to play with at half-time. The rest of the scheme consisted of a scalloped effect in crepe paper strung from pillar to pillar.

(Continued on page 4)

Cannon Bell Speaks On Culture at Lecture League

All men may be free but in regards to their intellectual capabilities they are not equal! It is the failure to observe this fact to which Canon B. I. Bell ascribes the fact that modern education is in a state of decay. Nor is this state of affairs only pertinent to itself, in as much as the people who make up our nation are the subjects of "the persistent mediocrity engendered in these schools." Our present culture is suffering because the intelligent among us who could, if properly trained, have things in an intelligent manner, have had only the education suitable to an average mind. They have thus become slovenly in the exercise of their mental capabilities.

Canon Bell maintains, "What our culture needs woefully is at least some people who can think quickly and accurately." He goes on to stress discipline. Modern teachers have failed to appreciate the necessity of discipline to the person who is actually exercising his intellect. He says, "One who would be a person of intellect must, by long drill, learn adequately to experience things; completely to meet and evaluate persons; accurately use language; and think abstractly and logically." He also points out the failure to incorporate the study of God into a university curriculum as a great defect in modern education. The universe without God is meaningless and as a result we have hysteria. "Add hysteria to greed and man's ruin is assured."

Canon Bell is of St. John Episcopal Church, Providence, R.I. He was for 14 years head of St. Stephen's College on the Hudson. He has been referred to as the Fulton Sheen of Anglo-Catholicism.

Purple AND White

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SUCCESS STORY

Since the school year is drawing to a rapid close, and more obviously since this is the last edition of the P&W this year, we feel that an estimate of the year is in order.

The most striking feature of 1940 was that it represented a milestone in the history of Assumption. And why was this so? The answer is apparent to all. Never before in our recollection of Assumption's more recent history has there been a Students' Council so keenly alert and vital as that headed by Ed Fortier. He and his assistants never tired of working on projects which had the common good of every student — boarder or day-hop — as the direct and ultimate objective. Good objectives are not enough in themselves. There must also be some measure of accomplishment to warrant the laurel which we are blithely tossing. And in this quarter Fortier and Company was not deficient. The social, legislative and administrative elements of the Fortier regime were impeccable. The social season was resplendent with three of the finest dances we have ever attended. Every society was whipped into action under their vigilance. A new constitution was promulgated. What more could anyone ask?

We have only one regret as we reflect back upon the year. And this regret is in the nature of self-reproach. The P&W did not live up, perhaps, to the pace set by the Council. Perhaps we should have been more aggressive in lending journalistic support to the Council's activities. In any event, we did all that we possibly could. Our editions were published when we extorted enough news which we considered vital and interesting. This will explain to our critics the infrequency of our editions in some measure. And if there are those who will criticize the paper on other scores, may we serenely ask: Where were you when we organized the paper and when we were putting out few but industrious issues? The P&W never ignored the suggestions of the officers for help from pregnant intellects and powerful pen-wielders.

Despite our infractions, the year still remains the most successful in the last analysis. To Ed Fortier and his staff of capable assistants we offer our very sincere congratulations on the completion of a task nobly executed. And to Sig Haremski and the newly elected council for next year we offer our hearty wishes for every success.

MAY PROGRAM

May is the month of the year dedicated to Our Blessed Mother. All nature breathes again in praise of Our Lady's name and Her bright month of May. It has been a custom of long standing for the students of Assumption, who have always had a special devotion to the Blessed Virgin as the Protectress of their Alma Mater, to join in this festival for Our Lady.

Every evening during May the opportunity will be given the students to show their loyalty to their Queen and Medatrix of all graces by being present in the chapel for Benediction and recitation of the Rosary. There are many favors both spiritual and temporal of which you stand in need. Not only at the present time but especially in the future, when you will be compelled to face the trials and difficulties of the world. It may be that you would like to obtain a job for the summer vacation. This will be the appropriate time, the right way and a golden opportunity to approach your Queen with your requests. Do not miss the chance to receive the many graces and benefits that will flow to all who are faithful to Our Blessed Mother during the month of May.

TRADITION

(Editor's note: This is a portion of the best editorial submitted in a competition conducted by Mr. Campbell in his English 21 class.)

We in America are wont to view with scornful amusement the English attitude towards the School Tie. But we fail to see that in America a college tradition is growing up. It has not yet attained the dignity of old age as in England, but it is romping through a gawky adolescence. The idea of college tradition is not imbued in us from the cradle as something on the same plane as Kind and Country, but it is regarded with reverence. It is gleaned from our fathers when in moments of moments of reminiscence inculcated in us by movies and magazines. By the time we reach college age we realize that there is a certain traditional manner in which all college students act.

Tradition first demands of a student not that he have great family pride, but that he lack enough personal pride to wear loud apparel. Years of careful training and good breeding slip from him overnight as he becomes "honor in cultu." Enthusiastically, but perhaps with inward qualms of conscience he dons a red flannel shirt and plaid trousers. He purposely mutilates his hat, punches it onto his head at rakish angle, and slips into a three-quarter length coat of yellow corduroy. The costume varies with the dictates of fashion but it always consists of a blinding combination of clashing colours. The student must swallow his self-esteem, all because he and his contemporaries have a pre-conceived idea of how a college student should dress. It looks horrible; it is bad taste, but it is collegiate; it is traditional!

—DOUGLAS KENNEDY.

"... as you like it ..."

By THE CYNIC

SAVAGES — NORTH AMERICAN STYLE

The end of the year has come. So what? It simply means that the world is a little madder than it was a year ago this time and as for the future there is nothing but misery, anxiety and heart-break in store for us unless we do something about it. We are living in perhaps the most cursed of all ages and probably more world catastrophes have happened in our lifetime than have taken place at any time before us. The majority of us range in age from twenty to twenty-five. We were born during or immediately after the first Great War. Then followed prosperous times — then a general business slump. After this began the "Jazz Age" from 1925 to 1928 — the "roaring twenties" as they are commonly called. Prices soared to dizzy heights and alcohol flowed like water in spite of prohibition. We were becoming too prosperous; we lost our sense of values, and the tragic stock market crash of 1929 deflated many a financial balloon. The greatest depression the modern world has ever known lasted from 1929 to early in 1934. There was no money. There was no employment. The populace was slowly starving. The world became embittered. This was not life, it was merely existence. However, the situation was gradually overcome. The depression ended and we all went savage again only to be brought to earth by the ghastly news that war had come again — the Second World War! We did not think that it was possible, especially twice during a lifetime.

Graduation speeches are a farce! "You are now leaving your dear Alma Mater to go out into the great, wide, wonderful world of opportunity!" Eyewash! What is wonderful about it? — the deceit, the vanity, the vice, the Godlessness, the outrageousness of Hitlers and Stalins? Where is the opportunity? — in shouldering a musket, playing tin soldier, making the world "safe for democracy (again)?" Is that the opportunity?

Are we going completely crazy? Is there any Christianity left? Is there at least one person in the world who can think? Is there any reason, logic? What has happened to religion?

To make the world "safe for democracy" we must have religion for without it there is nothing, nothing, nothing! It should be the aim of every Catholic graduate of 1940 "to go forth strong in faith and aflame with zeal to spread abroad the teachings of the Church in order that justice may be restored to a confused, unhappy world." — (Pope Pius, Encyc. Education.)

ERASMUS DOYLE - HIS LIFE AND WORKS

CHAPTER II.

Editor's note: In our last issue we followed the career of our poet until he was "discovered" by Mrs. Dodson.

Gone for Erasmus were the days of sorting fish. Gone were the twenty-five cent luncheons. Gone were the economies of poverty so harrowing to the artistic soul. And Mrs. Dodson was satisfied too. When Erasmus stood up in front of her Thursday afternoon Ladies' Club (it was last week that Mrs. Pettybone had talked) and carelessly running his hand through his now-long hair quoted his new "Contiguous Apathy," Mrs. Dodson felt one with Macaenas. To prove that she was justified may I quote:

Long limber lines of lucid lice
Step sadly sideways on a slice
Of hemispherical ooze. . .

Like liquored lads with lacquered looks,
They think thick thoughts in scattered
Adaze in dazzling dooze.
Gone are these gangs of gumful ginks,
Wistful with washes of wandering
winks,
Into the land of sinuous sinks
Under statistical stooze.

Now indeed had Erasmus reached his poetical manhood. That this was a fact was enthusiastically recognized by the Ladies' Club and by subscription (plus the proceeds from two literary teas) there was published "This Slim Volume" by Erasmus Doyle. At last Erasmus had come to his own.

Perhaps we can now see for Erasmus long years of peace and plenty surrounded by an appreciative audience. We know that with his power of assimilation he need never lack for inspiration. He still had that peculiar trait remaining from his childhood that everything that he read made a deep impression on him. That he was influenced by the poems of Gerard Manly Hopkins (Father Rothschild, S.J., lent him a copy) may be seen by a consideration of "Ecstasy in Blue" which is the high point of his poetic output at this period.

But it was the trait to which Erasmus owed his greatness that he also owed his temporary downfall. Somehow or other (Mrs. Dodson must have been neglecting her poet) there got into his hands some leftist literature. The result might have been foreseen. The acquisitive nature of Erasmus immediately seized upon this new material and a pinkish poet blossomed forth. Spurred on by a zeal for the masses Erasmus travelled and there came forth the famous "New Freedom."

Hey there! defix your foot from
my neck,
Flea-bitten, hair-smitten, cheese-
like, breeze-like,
Is there no, not one, maybe two,
perhaps three
Angular, tangular, possible, likely
manners,
Methods, modes, ways, means of,
what the heck.
Taking, yes taking, your foot from
my neck?

Then what an outburst there was in the Dodson household. With visions of a Dies committee whirling fantastically around in her brain, Mrs. Dodson proceeded to get this menace out of her house. Art and poetry were all right but such a maniacal raving against the divine right of the capitalistic system must be dealt with in a summary manner.

So down the walk proceeded Erasmus to fresh fields and pastures new. But even at this crisis in his life he managed to take inspiration from what was going on around him. And already running around in his mind was the epic which was to consign Mrs. Dodson forever to the limbo of the spurners of the arts. And it contained all the infinite wonderings that travelled through the brain of Erasmus when thus forced to think of Life. It was of course the now famous "Interrogations."

1
What is the date of the night?
Where is the time of the hour?
When is the what that the clock
hasn't got?
Why is the light where the sky is
so bright?
Who is the muscle of power?

2
Ardent the moans of lar
Fitful the bruit of bow—
But whence is the flow
Of the lonesome bar,
Whence the digestive unhammered
high woe
Of Oscar McWhartleton Ghar?

Envoi
Prince, let me say while yet my
head's untopped
You're well advised to fly to desert
places.
Before you've slumped and slithered,
slipped and flopped—
You cannot trust the muscle on
women's faces.

And so the first episode in the career of Erasmus Doyle came to an end. He went without a backward glance a backward glance at Mrs. Dodsons. On he went to follow his Muse—the pink one this time. But of course the story of "Erasmus on the Left" is another chapter in the biography of our poet and it will be carried on in these columns beginning the third week come Michelmas.

Intervistas Into Contemporary Minds

(Editor's note: We sent an investigator to prod into the basis of Mr. Doyle's report and found that his article was grounded on the following conversation:

Mr. Doyle—What do you think of politics?

Miss Tude—I'm not interested in politics.

Mr. Doyle—What do you think of modern youth?

Miss Tude—I don't know what to think of modern youth.

We issue this explanation to avoid complications of a legal sort.)

In the pursuance of our psychological excavations of current mentalities we discussed today the problem of politics, with the well-known ancillary attache to the local table d'hote, Miss Pulkra Tude. "Politics," said Miss Tude, starting on a cold muscle, "lacks the lovely insistence of Indian warfare, as well as the pageantry imminent in aimless arbitration. It is thus devoid of historical concern. Once we reach this position we are able to eschew researches involving egocentric submersion and polyglutinous amulets. Proceeding further we may aver (may we not?) that politics as a phenomenal exigency in the Kantian sense is as far from the hirsute verdancy of inhibition as it is remote from optilinear dogbarks. Hence we are impelled to eliminate politics from any field of interest which has a concrete core of evanescence. Is that all you wanted to know?"

"No," we said, "it isn't. We also insist on having your mature and considered judgment on modern youth."

"In former times," said Miss Tude, "before youth was modern the observer was hampered by comparatively few of the external calents which now haze his gaze. But spurious allelomorphism, calibrated after the annihilated zoetrope was allowed to dehisce, has forced enigma into the picture, by a process faintly parallel to that known as anterior infernality. Succeeding developments have been marked by a definite tension between subjective photosynthesis and the unintegrated sections of ambulation—without, however, eradicating the inert bewilderment of your victim."

"Thank you," we said.
—ERASMUS DOYLE.

LETTERBOX

FROM THE INSIDE

To the Editor:

In a few days the final edition of the P&W will go to press and will soon afterwards be in the hands of each and every college student. The question arises: Has the paper been a success or a failure? With all due respect to the efforts of the staff I must say that the paper itself has been a miserable and unwarranted failure.

The paper was handled by a competent man, and the heads of the different departments were hard workers, but their interests were not in the P&W. The members of the staff with very few exceptions gave all their time to putting out a glamorous Ambassador and let the P&W suffer. When the men were appointed, and they were appointed, why were not men picked who could give all their time to the paper? I would not detract anything from the men themselves, the job of year book and paper was too much for anyone.

The sports reporters were men who seemed to know nothing but the bare fundamentals of the games, and nothing of the men who played them. Why could not the articles be written by a willing member of each branch of major sports? The games were written in the most uncolorful manner possible and seldom was justice given to the men who deserved it. The sports page, which could have been most interesting, was a complete blind.

When one of the progressive men in school took time off from his many other duties to write an article for the paper there was one good article in that edition. The good articles were few and far between because the reporters did not strive to seek out the interesting happenings and they sometimes even missed the obvious. If a reporter was assigned a column he wrote it the night before the paper went to press with but one idea in mind, to get the job finished.

With next year's improvements let's improve the school paper. Any officer in any other faction is elected; why not elect the editor and the heads of the major departments? Let the men who consider themselves qualified put their qualifications before the student body and let the student body decide on the best men. The heads of the different departments when elected could pick their own staff, men they could depend on. If we are to have a school paper in name let's have one in content. Here's to a new era for an improved Purple and White.

Signed,

DISSATISFIED.



SPORTS



SPORTSLANTS

And so as another academic year draws to a close a little back-checking will show that 1939-40, a year in which Assumption celebrates its Seventieth Anniversary, was a fairly successful year both on the gridiron and on the basketball court. Coach John Shada, dynamic U. of D. guard of former years, piloted the best Assumption "11" in the history of the school to five slashing victories, one tie and two defeats. What the coming year holds in store can only be conjectured; but weighing all facts (and we won't hesitate on this one) Assumption should have a much stronger football battalion.

We won't say that Coach Shada's pigskin toters will ring up a better record, but we do say that the team will be a better one in every department. For one thing, and it is somewhat novel for Assumption, the gridders lose no men through graduation and hence all men should be back with that extra year's seasoning in their systems. Secondly, last year was the first time for some of the men playing under American rules, which proved a serious handicap to more than a few. Thirdly, the faces won't be as strange to one another, and all should hit off right on the very first day — Coach will know players, players will know coach and, mainly, player will know player. This latter point should be one of the paramount assets of the club. Don't be surprised if De Sales and Lawrence Tech take an awful slap on the chin during the '40 campaign.

SUPPORT! CO-OPERATION! SPIRIT! Never before have these words meant so little to an Assumption student body. On too numerous occasions the management of Kennedy Stadium could have seated the crowd (Oh! what irony) in the press box and still have room to spare. Certainly, it looked like a secret campaign with only the rival coaches and players getting in on the festivities. Oh yes, and then there were the officials. With the team that this school had last year Assumption was put on the map and also on the "pan" — the greatest team in its history and only a handful of people in the stands. It really is surprising how the tots love to "study" on Saturday afternoons.

Turning to basketball is a rather sad but yet not too unpleasant a problem. It is true that this year's quintet lost more games than they won but no one can deny the fact that it was a scrappy aggregation of the "never-say-die" quality. A good number of the games, although the drives were belated, proved that the Assumption five fought it out to the last minute and even to the last man. One weakness which calls for much attention is the lack of smoothness and polish; at times the team actually looked "sloppy" and we might even say, too, rugged. However, this will undoubtedly be remedied and the team should have a fair year, although not too promising a season.

ASSUMPTION'S ATHLETE OF THE YEAR: With all due respect and appreciation for the efforts put forth by each and every man in the various athletic activities, we take off our toppers to none other than Emery James "Bitz" Alex of Toledo, Ohio. Although only second-string quarterback on the Varsity squad, "Bitz" looked like a real campaigner and proved himself second to none at his position. A smart field general, a slashing line backer and a game fighter, Bitz Alex should take over the number one post at quarterback in the coming season. When it comes to basketball, Bitz stood out head and shoulders above the field; while not the highest scorer, Alex was superlative in ball-handling and play-making. At the foul strip he reminded us of Willie Rogan, the greatest ever to don Purple and White basketball togs. In handball and also on the ball diamond, Bitz Alex, who came to Assumption from the U. of D., also shows remarkable talent. Most of all, Bitz was well-liked by his mates and fellow-students. "Hats off to Bitz Alex — Assumption's Athlete of the Year."

S. C. ELECTIONS

(Continued from page 1)

Ioran's safe and left there till the following Thursday. At 10:30, Mr. Nigro, Ed Fortier and Charles Clark with Fr. Guinan as witness, counted the votes, in what proved to be a very close race. That same night, after deliberately keeping the students in a rather prolonged suspense, the new Council was announced. Mr. Haremski was president-elect; Mr. Laker, vice-president; Mr. Dalton, 4th year president; Mr. Marchand, 3rd year president; and Mr. Spahn as 2nd year representative. This council will form the executive cabinet of next year's Student Administrative Assembly.

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Frosh Angles

by P-3

Spring, spring, beautiful spring. All hearts turn to love and other such things. Therefore the reason for this column is evident. It seems that there was a little dissension caused by a so-called letter to the editor in the last issue of this paper. Surely, the honorable person who was responsible for that was not in his right state of mind at the time of writing. If he were, he is to be pitied, for the reaction was rather shocking. Perhaps the author was not acquainted with the facts of the case. We suggest that he see Jack Fox, the man behind the whole business. However, the main point that we wish to bring out is: why was that printed when the editor surely knew the result that would follow? Why was it allowed to go through the so-called censors? Is it not their duty to see that only the truth reaches the readers, or will he beg off by saying that a letter to the editor is to be read by all? We hope that this will not happen again, and that the space occupied by such trash be given to material that might prove rather than injure the Purple and White.

With spring comes baseball, and with baseball comes softball and the intramural games again. It looks like the Frosh are going to walk away with the title in this sport, too. On the flat they have two teams: Jim Roach's "Sluggers" and Bob Long's "Tankers." This time it looks as if the Tankers are going to be the underdogs since the Sluggers are not to be laughed at. They have hitters that are hitters. Their infield is nearly air tight and the only drawback is that they have no pitcher. On the whole, your correspondent would be willing to lay a little on the result of the league. Although Joe Ryan, who is inclined to be a bit bow-legged at times, says the Sluggers have not a chance; the main opinion is that the Sluggers are the tops.

Did any of our readers, all one of us, ever stop to consider the possibility of Assumption having a crew? There does not seem to be any spring sports here. It may sound a bit crazy, but all famous people are often thought to be nuts. What a team we could have! Spahn, Dennis, Lenard, Davids, are but a few fellows who seem to be able to pull an oar. Why would this be impossible?

Tempus is knocking at our door, so the only thing left for yours truly is to blot and sign. Let's all get together and see if the Intra-Mural league can't be made more interesting by more competition.

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Frank Murphy and Gene Durocher retained the Arts' handball championship by defeating Bitz Alex and Ed Susicinski in a best-of-three series, 21-15 and 21-20 in the finals. After playing in only mediocre fashion in the first game both teams came back strong with almost impossible shots from the short and long ends of the court. Lefts, rights and "butts and beets" all combined in a flourishing finish.

The Murphy-Durocher pair was by far better organized but the speed and defensive ability of Alex and Susicinski made up for what they lacked in matching the skill of their superior opponents. Both teams were badly "off" in the initial game and the score of the second and final game indicates very much the type of play. The serve changed no less than four times in the final go as the teams were tied at 20-20; but the calm and aggressive victors at last tallied the final count.

Murphy and Durocher had previously eliminated Nick Godo and Lou Merlo, while Alex and Susicinski came through by upsetting Pat Flood and Jim McKinley.

Honour Society Finally Becomes a Reality

Some time ago it was rumoured that Assumption was to have an HONOUR SOCIETY to honour those students who took an outstanding part in extra-curricular activities. These rumours have become a reality, and at the time this goes to press plans have been almost completed for its formal inauguration.

For some time the opinion has prevailed that there are several students who have gone through college without playing varsity sports, but who led the way in the various activities and functions of our college, and who at the same time maintained a fair scholastic standing. It is beyond the question of a doubt that these students have sacrificed a lot of their time and energy and are deserving of some mark of recognition.

Although not quite definite yet, admission to the HONOUR SOCIETY shall be reserved to students in the second term of their final year who, maintaining a satisfactory academic standing during their entire undergraduate course, have rendered valuable service to the College in non-athletic extra-curricular activities, namely the major offices of student government, college publications, debating, dramatics, and other active societies in the college, and to such other students as may by unanimous decree of a special committee appointed for this specific purpose be recommended for the honour.

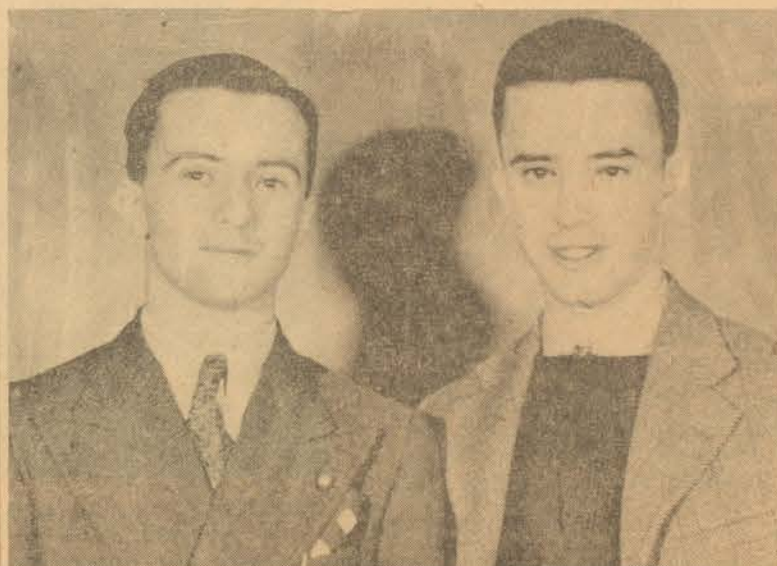
Within the next week Assumption's first HONOUR list shall be posted and its members duly rewarded.

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MURPHY AND DUROCHER CROWNED HANDBALL CHAMPIONS

Closely Contested Tilt Spells

Victory For Day-Scholar Team



Two proud victors, Murphy and Durocher, when they downed Alex and Susicinski in the recent handball tournament.

Boarders Supreme On Court and Rink

Intramural sports proved to be very much all boarders in every field with the resident students taking supremacy in basketball and hockey. After Ed Clifford paddled his way to the ping-pong championship, the boarders came back with a vengeance as Bob Long's Tankers took Bob "Cigar" Lewis' day-hops in a sudden-death playoff game. The Tankers represented the boarders while Lewis' outfit ran through an undefeated schedule in the day scholar league.

A last-minute pivot shot by Jim Dennis gave the boarders a 14-12 victory in a game which saw the league's high-scoring ace, Jerry Koerber, notching seven points. "Buck" Holland and Walt Nickols were best for the vanquished day-scholar five.

In a two-game series with total points counting, the boarders again took the prize at the Windsor Arena, 8-5 on the round. Ed Fortier was the whole boarder brigade bagging two of the team's three goals in the first game and turning up with the hat-trick in the final contest. The old day-scholar-boarder feud was again in evidence as McAlpine, Nickols and Kane swung fists, sticks and everything in reach with the exception of the goal posts.

Softball is once more in the air and the intramural league is again underway. In the boarder league are the Tankers under Bob Long, the Roachers and Monte Nigro's Philosophers. The day scholar hopes and confidence have been placed in the reliable hands of Ed Westfall who had to choose from the whole day scholar contingent. Since there was no league last year, the day scholars, in view of the fact that they took honors in 1938, are therefore the defending champions. In all, a good league is underway with plenty of competition on both sides.

Varsity "A" Club Elects Office

On Monday, April 22, at the meeting of the 1940 Chapter of the Varsity "A" Club, the following men were elected to office for the coming school year:

President, Charles Freeman; Secretary, Edmund Jacques; vice-president, Edward Westfall, Treasurer; Aldo Lenard.

The Club was started on March 5, 1940, for the purpose of promoting a spirit of clean living, clean fellowship, and clean sportsmanship. Membership in this Club is granted to those in sympathy with its purpose who have earned their Varsity "A." The present members number twenty-eight.

The club expects to function actively and thereby establish a tradition at Assumption College. Open to discussion at the present time is the possibility of lighting the tower to signify a victory, and also the possibility of having an official Varsity Pin.

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Snoopin' with Scoop!

Jim McKinley and Leo Rheume told us the other day that in the summer time they are going to be "Fuller Brushmen." We hope that some other neighbors have pity on them.

Just for the sake of settling an argument between Farrell and Sly, we wish that Bill Hines would reveal how much weight he has added since last September.

Felicitations to the newly-elected Students' Council of Assumption and Holy Names. We are almost sure that the word "closer" will be changed to "closest" affiliations. What about it Sig and Mary?

Ed Jacques was seen deep in gloom the other day and the only thing he could say was: "Nobody loves me any more." That's too bad, Ed, but for consolation we advise that you write to the gal who shakes hands with famous tennis players. Wow! she sure can shake hands; it's a new year technique.

Johns and Watson, the "Scrub and Scratch" Boys, claim they lost their first election when our good friend Benjamin only hit a triple. There's no doubt though that Ben had the best of supporters.

From Pontiac comes our master golfer, Tim Kuhn. Tim not only trains golf-balls to go in straight lines, but also his gal friends. He has them working in a boomerang shift. All he has to do is write and they come to see him. Not bad eh?

After carefully observing all year, we have finally decided to take away the "Sleeping Gown" of the Library from Delmore and rightfully present it to our friend L. E. Mailloux. The Amherstburg boys certainly look after each other, although they are given stiff opposition by Wallace Baillargeon.

The Freshman Flats' international war between Tex Williams and Detroit's best, as he thinks, has come to a happy conclusion. With no Indian guides to help him, Tex has often been seen taking the East Jefferson bus, besides other things, to visit his "grandmother" who lives on West Grand River.

Who is better qualified for a position with the Bell Telephone than Ed Fortier? Believe it or not Ed possessed enough nerve to end in an application form to the B.T. Is Blitzkreig Biltske needed? Oh boy!

Some fellows are lucky. Dane Kane contemplates returning to see to continue his six-hundred-dollar summer job. He should be mighty successful if the J-Hop is an indication of Dan's ability.

Bill Ashley has a big date coming up soon on Quincey Ave. He tells us that Ed Penet, another boarder gone day-scholar, has taken up astronomy. Sunday night, when the moon was so mellow, Ed and Lorraine gazed at the silvery moon and such from seven till late after eleven. What endurance, even Peter Plante couldn't stand that much.

We have often wondered why Harry Drew was an exponent of the radical type of government. At last we believe it to be the result of that "rigid diet" Harry watches so closely. Indeed Hair-breath Harry has some members of the faculty following his example. A glance about the Prince Edward at the Arts Banquet would soon reveal their identity. Isn't that right, Father?

Word comes to our ears that next year's Student Council is considering placing a ban on all "flashy and semi-come-hither-shirts." What will our good friend Riggsy do now?

Just like the frog, who hibernates all winter, Nick Richards has decided it is time to come out and visit his fellowmen. Be careful, Nick, don't do anything rash, and remember you're engaged.

Instead of spending your money on a movie, may we suggest for your enjoyment that you watch the Philosopher's soft-ball team in action, and particularly note Donald "Duck" McAlpine. With his contortionist movements behind the bat our "Duck" (and it is a good thing he did, or he might have been killed) will keep you in a humorous mood continually.

Congrats to the Day-scholars for making the Oratorical Contest the success that it was. This was one place the Boarders took a back seat. Too bad, considering the amount of shouting that is heard from the flats.

We come to the last publication, and we find that we must confess that during the year we have snooped and scooped, so much so, that we have been termed a busybody. At times our censors have been your friends and have forbidden us to ramble too far. Nevertheless we have enjoyed it all immensely.

WARING FANS SIGN UP



An indication of the intensity of the Waring Drive is shown above as students gathered to petition famous band leader for song.

"Pure As The Driven Snow" is High School Dramatic Hit

"It had them rolling in the aisles," is the only expression which would do justice to the High School melodrama, "Pure As The Driven Snow," directed by Mr. Gregg Crawley with the able assistance of Bob Connor, the unsung(?) hero of the back stage. Out of a mediocre story and practically raw material was whipped together one of the most amusing evenings of entertainment ever witnessed at Assumption. It is amazing what a wig and a little makeup will do. After seeing Nellie, the beautiful cloak model, it is agreed that clothes do make the woman.

The story concerned the love of our sweet little heroine Purity, played by Jim Maher, and our noble Leander, played by Herbie Delaney. The climax comes when Leander is trapped in the Pickle factory with a time bomb; but never fear, Leander found his way out with his Pickle compass (now patented) and they both lived happily ever after.

The highlight of the evening came at the beginning of the third act when Leander in a fierce falsetto sang "She's More to be Pitied than Censored," and Mrs. Ewelette, played in no mean manner by Jerry Coe, put the skids on "Billy." Orchids to Fathers Hugh Mallon and Pickett.

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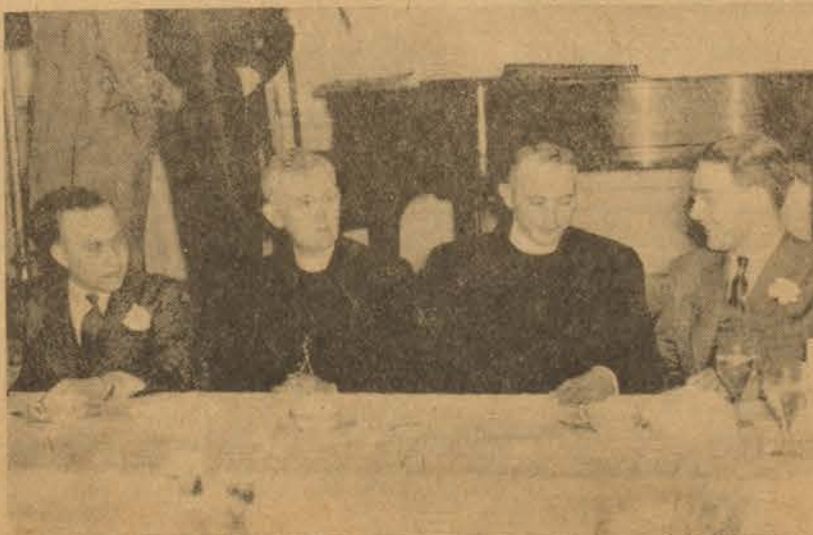
Assumption and H.N.C. are Represented at C.F.C.C.S. Meet

On April 13th and 14th the first conference for the central region of the Canadian Federation of Catholic College Students was held at St. Michael's College, Toronto. Delegations were present from eight colleges in Ontario and the eastern region was represented by Mr. Ray Monroe of St. Thomas College, Chatham, N.B. The representatives from Windsor were Marie Ronan and Susabelle Cronin of Holy Names, and Dan Kane and Gene Dalton of Assumption. Benoit Barie, President of the J. E. C. Movement in Montreal, and Michael McMorrow, Ottawa, national secretary of the Canadian Catholic Youth Union, were guests at the conference.

The convention served as a preliminary meeting to get the colleges together to discuss the more general aspects of the organization. Work on a constitution and other specific details were postponed until the next conference to be held in October, when the delegates present would have official authority from their Student Councils. The need for the Federation and work that could be accomplished through it were discussed and an official aim was adopted "to prepare Catholic students to apply Catholic principles in national, international and social problems, and to contribute to the development of a Catholic public opinion."

Mr. McMorrow accepted the position of temporary regional secretary, to carry on correspondence with the secretary of the Catholic Action Club in each college until the next regional convention.

AS ARTS MEN BANQUETED



Toastmaster Bill Ennest, Guest-speaker H. D. Sullivan, Father MacDonald, and fourth-year president Charlie Clark chat at the head table between supping and speaking.

Msgr. John J. Ryan Terminates Lecture League

DISCUSSES "CATHOLICISM AND SOCIAL ACTION"

The last, but by no means the least speaker of the 1939-40 Christian Culture series, was Monsignor John A. Ryan. He spoke on "Catholicism and Social Action," a question very pertinent to the well versed Catholic today. Msgr. Ryan is the author of "A Living Wage," the director of the Social Action Department of the National Catholic Welfare Conference, and has been for half a century the best known Catholic authority on Social questions in America.

Msgr. Ryan stated at a banquet given in his honour on his seventieth birthday that one of the first things which prompted him to devote his time to the social question was the encyclical of Pope Leo XIII "On Condition of Labour" which contained the statement, "Every minister of Holy Religion must throw into the conflict all the energy of his mind and all the strength of his endurance." Msgr. Ryan has fulfilled this exhortation to the letter and we know we have with us one of the most zealous workers in the social field. Nor does he feel that his work has been in vain for he says, "Yes, there has been progress toward social justice in my lifetime. Those of us who have been active in the movement know that the struggle has been well worth while."

J-Hop Eclipses All '39-'40 Social Events

(Continued from page 1)

The decorations no more than fifty set off the band which intoned according to Glen Miller for four hours or so. There is no longer any doubt in Windsor's mind that Mr. Mack and his Bellevue Hotel orchestra are alone on top of the heap of Windsor's dance bands. And Mr. Mack himself showed that he contributes in no small way to keep the band where it is in the public eye. Ivories just aren't handled more dexterously than they were that Thursday night, as Hal aided and abetted the numbers, sweet and low, hot and fast. As if his own singing wasn't tops, Mack invited another singer, Jack Fisher, formerly with Henry Bussey's band and soon to go on tour with Sammy Kay, to lend his talent to the evening's fun. And this, Jack did with his high tenor voice more than pleasing the highest expectations of the crowd.

H.N.C. signed in a smart delegation at the reception desk and it is reported that the editor of P&W, New York's Bill Burke, must needs dispense with his prophecy, "New York Against the World," when he is referring to Miss Margaret Mary Morand, who looked especially ravissante and whose personality, charming as they come, is vouched for by still another Bill, which gent's last name is particularly hard to discover. Other representatives of Holy Names included Miss Marie Ronin, Miss Susabelle Cronin and Miss Janet Foster.

Among the patrons who lent their active association to the ball were: Mr. and Mrs. Murray Clarke, Doctor and Mrs. Hemond, and Mr. and Mrs. Hal Springsteen. These gentlemen and ladies sat out very few numbers and were on hand even to the Grand March, a major compliment of the evening. Harry Bridges and Irene VanHelmolt led the array of couples to the tune of a special arrangement of all or most of the Canadian and American College Victory Songs. Right after the Grand March the guests toasted the success of the Juniors' escapade at the punch bowl which was more than an unexpected and novel treat for the crowd.

And the toast was warranted. If dances to come are on a par with our first J-Hop — and the students are now of a mind to establish that supposition as a reality — then Windsorites would be wisely counseled to make immediate arrangements to answer to Assumption's dance roll call next year.

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Correction!

The Ambassador Will Be Released On Monday,

MAY 6th

Instead of April 19th, as Announced Previously.

1870 - 70th Anniversary Year - 1940